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ROGERS'S STATUE OF AMERICA.

IN the Via della Frezza, Rome, a street that, near the Piazza del Popolo end of the Corso, runs between the latter street and the Via di Ripetta, is a sculptor's studio, known, since the commencement of this century, as the "Studio di Canova." From time to time, after that artist's death, it was occupied by men styling themselves "the favorite pupils of CANOVA." Naturally, when the fashion of admiring the works of this master went out almost entirely, the desire to claim the prestige of association with him and with the place where some of his best known works were executed, died out also. Says the matter-of-fact proverb, "One nail drives out another;" and henceforward, in future years, this studio will boast a truer charm for visitors from this side of the world, since here are being modeled, by our countryman, RANDOLPH ROGERS, the colossal figures for two of the most important among the war-monuments that have as yet been commissioned by this country. The crowning figure for the Michigan memorial to the soldiers who fell for the Union has already been cast in plaster, and left Rome for Munich, there to be worked in bronze. Our illustration is a sketch of a second colossal figure now growing into beauty under the master-hand of the sculptor. It is some twelve feet in height, and is to surmount the monument commissioned for the State of Rhode Island. While it may assuredly be pronounced equal in power and significance to the first-named, the spirit in which it is conceived, and the expression of face and form, are in actual contrast with the other statue. In the first we have the ardent, victorious genius of the State rushing on to the goal already won. With uplifted shield and ready sword, she appears still in the act of defending the cause and looking abroad for fresh foes to conquer. In the second, the subject of our sketch, America stands in her proud tranquillity, with her exultation saddened by the loss of her best and bravest, and she scatters o'er their names her wreaths of laurel and immortelles before sheathing her sword to dwell hereafter among the memories of the past. Her attitude of repose and sweetly solemn countenance tell all this, and shadow forth the Spartan mother in her pride and her anguish when, the victory being won, she counts her loss and her country's gain. Mr. ROGERS has given her no warlike emblem save the sword and a tunic of scale-armor. A cap of liberty with a starry diadem encircles her noble brow and confines her waving hair. An ample mantle flows back from her shoulders to the ground, whose folds, though very broad and massive, still betray the figure beneath them.

LONG BRANCH AND NAUVOO.

PASSING out of New York Bay, between Long and Staten islands (the latter belonging to New York, but more nearly attached to New Jersey), and just skimming the outer edge of Raritan Bay, we sail in between Sandy Hook and the New Jersey shore, and, landing near old Shrewsbury Inlet, take the railroad train for Long Branch. It has been a beautiful sail to this landing, taking us past the Nevisink Highlands, which by night, from the light-houses on the heights, give the sailors the first warning of their proximity to our coast, and which are the most interesting and charming feature of this picturesque coast.

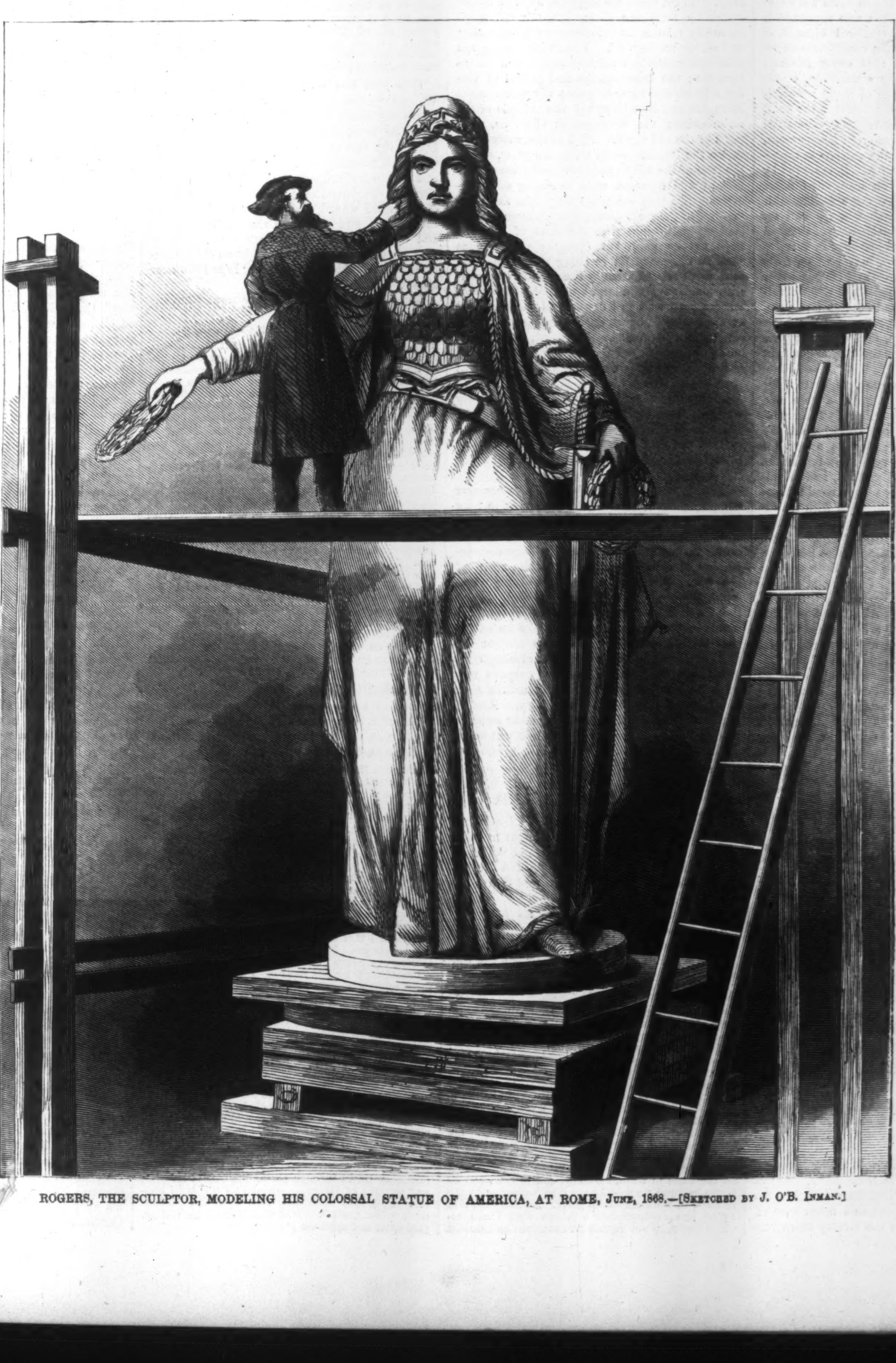
We have left Rockaway Beach far off on the northeast, and are pushing on toward Long Branch—the most fashionable resort on our coast—which, during late years, has eclipsed even Newport. At Long Branch, during the summer, one sees a perfect microcosm of American life. There are our generals, our statesmen, our poets, our judges, our merchants, our publishers, our editors—and, above all, and most worthy of our notice, are our American ladies of fashion—the *crême de la crême* of city society, from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Washington. STETSON has his hands full and his house full. The surf is dotted with bathers, and the beach is dotted with children at play, during the fashionable hours for bathing. Then there are the fashionable loungers with their eye-glasses, enjoying the scene and growing young again under the regenerating influences of the sea-breezes. By day there is the beach and the drive, croquet on the lawn for the children, while sewing occupies the ladies in the parlors or on the piazzas of the hotel.

Eleven o'clock A.M. is the fashionable hour for bathing. After the bath follows a short nap, and then dinner; next a walk along the bluffs. The gentlemen of leisure take a stage, perhaps, and ride down to Pleasure Bay, a mile and a quarter distant, where they fish and sail on the Shrewsbury River, returning to Long Branch in time for supper.

A few come to stay, and have a season of pleasure; but the many come and go. While the gong is calling the former to supper the latter are preparing to take the train for New York. Thus at six o'clock P.M. the broad avenue in front of the hotels is crowded with carriages rushing toward the dépôt. Meanwhile those who remain, after finishing their evening meal, promenade upon the hotel piazzas, play at billiards or ten-pins, walk on the beach, smoke on the hotel balcony, or go into the parlor and "wheel through the giddy mazes of the dance."

Such is life at Long Branch, only we have not touched upon the fun, frivolity, and gossip in which these fashionable pleasure-seekers indulge.

On the way from New York to Long Branch, and about five miles from the latter, is Nauvoo, where dwell the "Toilers of the Sea." Here every day is offered a picture which is a striking contrast to that of fashionable life at Long Branch. There are the pleasure-seekers—here are the workers. The former look upon the sea from the beach; they bathe in the surf—but they only touch the hem of Neptune's garment. But these men and boys at Nauvoo live for the most part upon the sea. There is their life and their labor. On the whole, it is a much more attractive picture than Long Branch affords. A newspaper correspondent thus describes it: "If a town was near at hand, the visitor would be reminded of the opening scene of 'Enoch Arden.' The houses lean from the ocean; boats drawn up on the shore; some landing with freight in the surf; nets drying in the sun; bronzed men, with glazed hats, moving among sloops high and dry; sand drifted like snow against the dwellings; a boy painting a skiff; a woman with a babe in her arms, looking out of the door on the broad blue ocean, watches Dermott's boat as it approaches the shore; white-caps rolling far out at sea, and ships with white sails making for the horizon's bar." There are at this



ROGERS, THE SCULPTOR, MODELING HIS COLOSSAL STATUE OF AMERICA, AT ROME, JUNE, 1868.—[SKETCHED BY J. O'B. INMAN.]

little village of Nauvoo about fifty-five men and boys—all fishermen. For the most part their homes are upon the main land, but here is the scene of their labors. And they make money rapidly. A boat, with its fishing apparatus, costs about seventy-five dollars—a double boat, with nets, about twice that sum. These fishermen earn upon an average about eight dollars each per day. Some of them have made a fortune. "There is a man," says a fisherman to us, "who is worth a hundred thousand dollars." And this is only an isolated instance. It is from this class of fishermen, which we find not only here but at Gloucester, on Cape Cod, that our navy is furnished with sailors. Here is their school. Here they learn to brave the storm and to bear exposure to the sun and the winds. And when we are at war, here it is that we find the stalwart men and boys to man our ships. What a contrast is there between this Nauvoo—this village of fishermen—and Long Branch! Still, of the two, for natural scenery, Nauvoo has the advantage. Behind it are the beautiful Nevisink Highlands, and before it is the open sea, from which these toilers yearly gather a rich harvest. The picture which it impressed upon our memory will not soon be effaced.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1868.

"WHAT! OLD MOLE!"

WHEN LEE surrendered to GRANT and JOHNSTON to SHERMAN, and the crowd in Wall Street sang Old Hundred upon the steps of the Exchange, there was doubtless a very general feeling not only that the Union arms were victorious, but that the rebellion was suppressed. No man, however, who permitted himself to think, or to remember human experience as recorded in history, shared that sweet illusion. No cause which has become a tradition, a passion, a religion in the minds of many people is ever surrendered because of a defeat in the field, however signal. When it involves fundamental principles of society, of industry, of government, it is, in its very nature, of the extremest tenacity. It awaits its opportunity. It is served by stealth, indeed, but with an unwearied faith, and with a resolution the more indomitable that it is hidden, and which will try and try again, and in every way, the chances of success. The Moonstone, as we have just seen in WILKIE COLLINS's fascinating story, may be torn from the head of the idol in India, and concealed for years in England, but the priests of the idol follow and follow, and plot and scheme and dare, and while they live never relinquish the hope and the effort of recovery, and when they die bequeath to their successors the duty of constant pursuit.

The rebellion was the open attempt of the aristocratic principle to subvert a free and progressively liberal Government. That principle had adjusted society in the Southern States upon the medieval basis; and as a possible necessary defense of that system it inculcated a theory of government in general, and of this Government in particular, which would paralyze any force that could interfere with its supremacy. That is to say, it had established slavery in small separate States; declared that the States alone were competent to act upon the subject; and that the same States might individually decide whether they would remain united with the rest. The aristocratic spirit in every way fostered this social and political theory. In its own section it intrenched slavery in the religious sentiment, and declared social slavery to be the surest foundation of political freedom. It exalted the grandeur and supreme sovereignty of the State, and carefully cherished suspicion, jealousy, and hostility of the Union. Within its domain it asserted the State against the national authority, and dared the local contest which the National Government declined. In 1832 JACKSON thundered; but JACKSON compromised and CALHOUN conquered.

Beyond its section, and in the country at large, this aristocratic spirit insisted that its social system was guaranteed in the Constitution; that its political theories were not expressly denied in it; that its section produced the great crop of the country, and was, therefore, the arbiter of national prosperity; that no reform in its system could be made but by means the results of which would imperil every interest and every hope; and that its views must be therefore tolerated, if not approved. Meanwhile, by an alliance with the dominant party of the other section of the country, it secured national supremacy and bent every energy to advancing its own purposes and to demoralizing the public opinion of the North, which was its chief enemy. The two ends were simultaneously pursued. Its main purpose was to change the nature of the Government to an aristocratic system. Its plan was to nationalize slavery, and to win the assent of the North by pecuniary interest; by political ambition; by open threats; by alleged doubts of Constitutional intention; and by the grossest moral debauchery. How far it had succeeded, the appalling situation of the country in 1860 shows. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS retired from Congress because the aristocratic spirit had made sure of the Supreme Court, and the victory was virtually won. In Massachusetts DANIEL WEBSTER bowed his head to the cap of GESLER, and begged his fellow-citizens to conquer their prejudices. In New York CHARLES O'CONOR insisted, before the highest court, that slavery should be re-established in the State. And when, in the interest of the aristocratic system, the Supreme Court of the United States falsified history, the Northern tools of the Southern power insolently mocked at the friends of liberty and sneered: "What are you going to do about it?"

The answer they gave was an appeal to the conscience and common-sense of the country, which resulted in the election of Mr. LINCOLN. It was then clear to the aristocratic leaders that they must instantly use their strength to accomplish their revolution. When they seceded they believed that the country would avoid war upon their terms. This was the advice of the Democratic papers; this was the expectation of Northern Democratic leaders. Mr. S. L. M. BARLOW warned one of the secession Senators, in a letter since published, merely to beware of force. But the hot-heads, as usual, baffled the plans of the craftier chiefs and began the war. It raged for four years, during which the Northern political allies of the aristocrats did what they passively could to secure an aristocratic victory. But the alliance failed, and the cause of aristocracy was lost, for the time, in the field. But defeat never converts. It is to the defeated what persecution is to the persecuted. The cause becomes even more precious, and fidelity to it a more sacred duty. The history of the Southern States since the surrender shows this plainly. At first absolute silence, inaction, apathy. Then, upon the slightest hope of aid or sympathy from the Executive, the old spirit stealthily reveals its old character wholly alert and wholly unchanged. The Black codes; the reluctant legislation upon secession and emancipation; the denunciation and hatred of Union soldiers and loyal citizens; the massacres at Memphis and New Orleans; the refusals of the amendment; the terrorism at elections, were signs of the old vigor. And as the contest between the President and Congress grew, so did the tone of the aristocratic leaders become more defiant and familiar, until throwing aside every disguise they stalked openly into the Convention of their old party, at once resume their leadership, declare that the debt of the war shall not be paid, but that the Government shall be disgraced for resisting them; that the settlement offered them by the country is unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void, and nominating a man who had denounced the war, and another who had just declared that he would resist the settlement by the sword, they hasten home to profess their unswerving fidelity to the old cause, and their warm faith of retrieving at the polls its failure in the field.

And thereupon HORATIO SEYMOUR feebly whispers from Utica, that the success of these aristocratic chiefs "would most certainly lead to that peaceful restoration of the Union and re-establishment of fraternal relationship which the country desires."

This is only the old exhortation to conquer our prejudices; to re-establish slavery in New York; in a word, to submit to the spirit which is determined to change the nature of our government, and which is not in the least dismayed, but is merely embittered by the result of the war. Civilization, free popular government, the highest interests of mankind, require that its defeat at the polls shall be as signal as it was in the field. The purpose of its adherents in this election is the same that it was at Bull Run and Andersonville, although the means are different. That the purpose may be honest and they sincere only makes their defeat more imperatively necessary. And if the friends of equal rights are not as untiring and as wary as their enemies, peace will be indefinitely postponed.

BATTERIES UNMASKED.

THOSE who wish the earliest practicable restoration of national tranquillity ought to know exactly the hopes which the action of the Democratic Convention has awakened, and the expectations with which SEYMOUR and BLAIR are supported. A few extracts will show.

Mr. VANCE, in Richmond, asserts that

> "What the Confederacy fought for would be won by the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR."

Mr. WADE HAMPTON says that when the war ended he sheathed his sword because his State commanded it. He had supposed that things would be settled as he wished. But,

> "Unfortunately, things had taken a different turn than that hoped for by the supporters of truth, justice, and the Constitution; and now the spectacle presented in the halls of legislation, by those who undertake to govern the destinies of the two races, was lamentable indeed. As anxious as he was to secure peace and prosperity, he never could consent to attempt it on so false, gross, and outrageous a platform as that of the Reconstruction acts—particularly when he saw the seats of HAYNE, M'DUFFIE, and CALHOUN, in the Senate of the United States, filled by such men as SAWYER and renegade TOM ROBERTSON. [Hisses and groans for TOM ROBERTSON.].... He wanted restoration on the basis of truth, harmony, and justice; and he firmly believed we would have it in November by the triumph of the Democratic party. He had been told by no less distinguished a person than VALLANDIGHAM that Ohio was certain for SEYMOUR; and shrewd political thinkers of New York and Pennsylvania were equally confident of the same result in those States. The people were thoroughly aroused, and in November the result of it would be more rapid traveling of carpet-baggers from the South than was ever before known in the history of this country."

Mr. WEEMS, in the Georgia Convention, took the ground that *the rebellion was a war for the Constitution of the United States*, and that the hope of constitutional liberty requires the return to power of JEFFERSON DAVIS, BRECKINRIDGE, TOOMBS, COBB, and the other rebel leaders. Of the war he said:

> "The Southern people were all in favor of that war. There was some division among them in reference to the expediency of separate State action, and with regard to the time when the contest ought to commence. But when the first cannon boomed from Fort Moultrie the hearts of our whole people were united, and all divisions disappeared. We waged that war for the Constitution. But the South was, for a time, overwhelmed. And the Radicals pretend that they have made peace. I tell you it is not so. They may cry, 'Peace, peace!' but there is no peace. Free government is ignored, commerce is crippled, agriculture is prostrate, civilization itself is put back; and there will be neither peace nor prosperity again until the cause of constitutional liberty, for which we contended during the war, shall be at last triumphant. For this it is necessary that in the coming election the Democratic party shall succeed. The party which at present rules the country has exhibited a spectacle of fraud, hypocrisy, and mendacity unparalleled in the annals of the world. A NERO, a CALIGULA, a MARAT, a ROBESPIERRE, would have shrunk from perpetrating the outrages they have perpetrated. And they do it, too, in the name of what they call 'the best Government the world ever knew!'"

Of the Fourteenth Amendment he said:

> "Every one who voted for that amendment is a marked man henceforth, and will receive the infamy he deserves. Why did the Radicals in Congress get up that amendment? Principally for the purpose of keeping out of office such noble gentlemen and true patriots as HOWELL COBB, A. H. STEPHENS, ROBERT TOOMBS, B. H. HILL, JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, and JEFFERSON DAVIS. They knew that if men like these should ever get back to Washington the miscreants who are now holding power would shrink away abashed at their pure presence!"

One who was present says that "as Mr. WEEMS named each of the 'patriots' in the above list there was a storm of cheers; but when he mentioned the name of JEFFERSON DAVIS the hall at once became the scene of a wild and tumultuous uproar. Both delegates and spectators jumped to their feet, as if in excitement uncontrollable. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved and shaken fiercely above their heads, and yells, and shouts, and cheers, and wild stamping, for the space of two minutes, shook the hall. Well might an old Unionist who sat beside me whisper, 'It is 1860 over again!'"

Mr. J. M. RAMSEY said in the same Convention:

> "The people of Georgia have always been loyal to the Constitution. When they thought that instrument was endangered they withdrew from the Union, as they had a right to do. But the Government at Washington commenced to wage war upon them. From that hour the Constitution was overthrown. We have aroused in our might once more, under the leadership of SEYMOUR and BLAIR, to raise the Constitution from the dust. Georgia has passed through a fiery ordeal. Some of her children, during the war she was compelled to wage, deserted her and joined her enemies. Let them be, like ARNOLD, forever accursed. We have seen our soldiers fall, our cities in flames, our citizens torn from peaceful homes. We looked upon it unmoved and unblanched. But we can bear it no longer. We will now, at all hazards, recover our lost liberties, and restore the State. We are in the midst of a great revolution, which may end peacefully at the ballot-box; but if not, then the true men of the South will rally once more around their now folded banner, and will try the issue at the cartridge-box. [Loud and enthusiastic applause.] Remember the ancestors from whom you sprung. There are men in the North who are now truly with you, and who will, in such a conflict, if necessary, lead your battalions. We did not make the other war. It was forced upon us. We simply stood for the rights for which our fathers bled! And we will stand there again, come peace or war! [Loud applause.]"

HOWELL COBB, in a recent speech in Georgia, speaks of ex-Governor BROWN, who is one of those who have honorably accepted the result of the war, which Mr. COBB, one of its original instigators, has not, as follows:

> "Are not the people of Georgia right in assigning him the status which he has taken for himself? If niggers are good enough for Georgia, it is that kind of Georgia that he is, and I shall not dispute the doctrine. [Laughter and applause.] Let him associate with them; but, *white men of this country, cut loose from him!* [A voice says 'Amen.'] Amen and Amen! Let it reverberate over your mountains, down your valleys, from your old men and your young men, your women and your children, until one grand chorus shall ring through every throbbing heart: 'Overboard with him!' '*He has turned traitor to the country!*' I tell you very frankly, my friends, I am not an intolerant man; but when I see a white man talking to JOE BROWN and that class of men a feeling of revulsion comes over me. I can't help it. But when I see them talking to a negro I feel sorry for the negro. That is six more votes for JOE BROWN. I will give him about three more, and quit him. I say to you, my friends, you owe it to yourselves, you owe it to the noble dead who sleep in their graves, to observe these things. You go here, and I honor you for it, and scatter flowers over those graves. God bless you for it! They are the graves of good, true, and honest, and noble, and brave, and generous men. [Applause.] But as you return from that solemn duty turn your back to the right and left upon those who dishonor the memory of the dead. You owe it to the living, you owe it to your own children, and to their children. Write down in their memories this day, and all days, and for all time to come, *the feeling and spirit of abhorrence with which you regard and estimate these men.* O Heaven! for some blistering words, that I may write infamy upon the forehead of these men [Applause]; that they may travel through earth, despised of all men, and rejected of Heaven—scorned by the devil himself. They may seek their final congenial resting-place under the mudsills of that ancient institution. [Laughter and applause.]"

Such frank disclosures of the real significance of the nomination of SEYMOUR and BLAIR alarm the Northern managers. They know that they have no hope but in deceiving the country; and they have consequently begged their allies at the South to be more prudent. The Charleston *Mercury* says:

> "Private advices from our most strenuous friends at the North, request that we should protest against the imprudent expressions that have escaped some Southern speakers, since the adjournment of the National Democratic Convention. It is represented to us that great injury is accruing to the cause from such imprudence. We therefore shall make no apologies for asking the attention of our public speakers to the fact. We are all desirous of pushing on the good work of success, and no one would voluntarily impede its course who was aware of the fact. While no man in the South should be, and no true man is, ashamed of our great lost cause: and while when we speak of the past, we should speak like true men, it is questionable whether at this time any thing is to be gained by too much reference to things that jar on people's nerves. What we want just now is to win."

But after the exulting chorus that has been already raised over the platform of repudiation and revolution and the nomination of SEYMOUR and BLAIR, the silence of HAMPTON and TOOMBS will be no more deceptive than the speech of SEYMOUR. The Democratic purpose is fully revealed by the Democratic leaders; and it is not difficult to imagine what would be the "peace" which the success of such leaders would secure for all steadfast Union men in the Southern States. With the rebellion claimed as a defense of the Constitution—with the debt incurred in suppressing it dishonored—with the new State governments dispersed by the army—with the whole colored population regulated by black codes—with the most acrimonious rebels exercising power in the spirit here revealed, a spirit which is very natural to men who regard their country as their bitterest enemy—should we not have a situation that would cheer the "Conservative" soul?

MAILED WARRIORS.

GENERAL BLAIR speaks of General GRANT as a "mailed warrior," implying that he will probably prove to be Mr. CALEB CUSHING's "man on horseback," who, in the prophetic visions of that sage, was to come riding rapidly over the horizon and trample all our liberties, as General BLAIR wishes the President to trample the Reconstruction acts, into dust. The truth is, however, that among all famous and successful soldiers there is no one who has shown less of the traditional character of the "mailed warrior" than General GRANT. When General M'CLELLAN was in command of the armies the people who now zealously portray the perils of the rule of a "mailed warrior" talked freely of his marching upon Washington, and regulating the Government at his will. Indeed, it is just the spirit of such people that makes the despotism of a mailed warrior possible. But when General GRANT came to the chief command all the traditional danger to liberty that is supposed to lurk in great military success disappeared. When the "friends" of Mr. SEYMOUR had no longer a tool in the chief command of the army, the public liberties and entire subordination of the military power to the civil administration were secure. Nobody suggested that General GRANT had better march upon Washington and disperse Congress.

Indeed, among the most extraordinary and valuable results of the war is the proof it has afforded that a self-governing people may be forced to resort to war upon the largest scale without developing the slightest tendency toward a military despotism, either in the aspiration of successful Generals or in the subdued spirit of the nation. CHARLES JAMES FOX was severely censured, even by liberal men in England, for saying at the opening of the French Revolution that a man did not cease to be a citizen by becoming a soldier. The event in France, indeed, disproved his expectations. The military régime produced the mailed warrior upon horseback whose name was NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. But on this side the sea his words were verified in the peaceful organization of constitutional government, and in the modest patriotism of the victorious Commander-in-Chief. And still more conspicuously has our late history shown that, in a popular system as far advanced as ours, the "mailed warrior," in General BLAIR's sense, is unknown, because the successful republican soldier spurns the part.

General GRANT in the field was as distinguished for constant subordination to authority as for universal victory. Not less remarkable was his instinctive generosity toward all his Generals. He would not appropriate the least laurel of another. When he proposed his plan of campaign against Vicksburg, his friend General SHERMAN, a soldier of undoubted military genius and accomplishment, wrote an elaborate criticism of it censuring it as improper and impracticable. When the campaign was triumphant, and the fall of Vicksburg had opened the Mississippi, General SHERMAN frankly and generously owned that he had been mistaken. And when, after his great march to the sea, General SHERMAN made what was considered his very grave error in negotiation in North Carolina—an error so grave that it was generally felt to have imperiled all the advantage he had secured—General GRANT went in person and removed the difficulty so quietly and considerately, that not only did he avoid all prominence but the sensitive soldier, whose action he overruled, remained more firmly his friend than ever. This was hardly the act of General BLAIR's "mailed warrior;" it was the conduct of a modest, simple, and most sagacious citizen.

As General-in-Chief intrusted with the temporary charge of the War Department, and with enormous discretionary powers under the military bill, General GRANT's action has still failed to reveal the mailed warrior. It has been uniformly that of an able, skillful administrator, and of the most "law-abiding" citizen. Calumny itself, or even ROBERT TOOMBS, who denounces GRANT's election as a disaster, can not point to a solitary instance of an unjustly arbitrary act in his administration of the peculiar responsibility laid upon him. General GRANT, indeed, knows Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS and his kind well. He knows the quality of Southern rebel devotion to the Union and of Democratic regard for equal rights. But neither indignation nor contempt has for a moment disturbed the just moderation with which he has exercised his vast authority. The fear of danger which General BLAIR intends to excite by describing General GRANT as a mailed warrior is as reasonable as the old *Aurora* attacks upon General WASHINGTON. For GRANT is of the WASHINGTON school of mailed warriors. The perils with which the reckless ambition and depraved character of that tyrannical mailed warrior, GEORGE WASHINGTON, threatened the Government, are precisely those which are to be feared from that arrogant, unscrupulous, and passionate mailed warrior, ULYSSES S. GRANT. Indeed the only hope of saving our liberties must be—as General BLAIR intimates—to intrust them to his tranquil and judicious care, assisted by those calm nurses of freedom and patriotism, ROBERT TOOMBS, HOWELL COBB, HORATIO SEYMOUR, and HENRY A. WISE.

THE GOLD SPECULATION.

THE payment for Alaska has furnished an opportunity for carrying up the price of gold to an extent which is detrimental to the business of the country. When the appropriation for this purpose was about to be made by Congress it was stated that the payment of the seven millions which constituted the purchase-money would leave but thirty-seven millions in gold, or thereabouts, in the Treasury, and that our exports of gold since the 1st of January amounted to seventy millions of dollars. Both these statements are found to be erroneous; for it appears that after that payment has been made about forty-five millions in gold were in the Treasury on the 2d instant, and that the amount thus exported, up to Saturday last, is about sixty millions. The forty-five millions exclude what remains unpaid of the July interest, and for the bonds of '48 which have matured, amounting together to about eight millions of dollars.

It is probable that the payment of the whole sum of seven millions might have been made without sending gold abroad; but the agents in this country, who acted for the London agents of the Russian Government, have preferred to send two millions in gold, half of which went forward on Saturday, with the effect, whatever may have been its intent, to aid the speculation by which gold has been carried up; while at the same time the transfer of that amount to the London market might have been made through the instrumentality of bills of exchange, with advantage to the fund, and with equal advantage to the business interests of the United States. The price of such bills in the market here is a clear indication that this policy might have been pursued; and it will be a subject of regret not only that the payment for this purchase should have fallen upon us at this time, but that in the transfer of the amount to London there should have been a manifest departure from the course which the interests of commerce and of the fund indicated.

It is very certain that the price of gold, which reached for a moment 150, has not been carried up by any commercial demand to pay balances abroad or duties at home, and it is clear, therefore, that whatever aid is given to the movement, directly or indirectly, is in aid of speculation and injurious to trade. That a combination for this purpose exists, and that it derives support from the loans of banking institutions—now large depositaries of gold, which is improperly counted as part of their reserve—can not be doubted. A bank which lends itself to this object, acts in direct opposition to the interests of such an institution, and in direct opposition to the interests of the country, inasmuch as every advance in the price of gold, measured by their bills, discredits to that extent their own issues, and injures also those depositors who are to be paid in that medium. It is a clear fraud upon the trust which is devolved upon a bank to use the funds of depositors for any such purpose, and in every case in which a reasonable suspicion exists that such use of them is made, it would be the true policy to remove them to safer and better hands. The deposits of gold made by the parties to such a combination are doubtless special deposits, entitling the depositor to its return, and to count it as part of the reserve of a bank, applicable to the redemption of its circulation or the payment of its deposits, is wrong in principle and policy, and calculated to mislead the community. It can not be supported by an oath without a manifest violation of conscience and duty; but yet there are serious apprehensions that such is now the practice. The officers of a bank who pursue this course can, no doubt, be held personally liable to their depositors for such an erroneous statement of their reserve, in case of any loss, and may also be held liable to the public for the transgression.

The Secretary of the Treasury, who stands between these banks and their depositors, and between them and the public, will be neglectful of his official duty, and be regarded as supporting the departure from sound and honest principles, if he allows any institution, subjected to public supervision, to use its power to discredit itself and the public debt, and to mislead the community by loaning upon gold thus pawned to the bank and counting it as part of its reserve. If such a blow, aimed at the credit of the Government, is allowed its repetition will be general, and destructive ultimately to the whole banking policy.

The drought in England has reached to proportions of such magnitude as to make it evident that a large and immediate demand for supplies of food for men and animals will exist.

It is found in England that wheat is below the average crop, that barley and oats are very deficient, that the hay crop was light, and, what is more important, that the root crop—furnishing much of the support of sheep—and the pasturage are nearly destroyed. The unusual feature of sending hay to Liverpool still continues, and must continue, although whatever quantity we may send can alleviate but little the distress which already prevails in a country so distinguished hitherto for rich and extensive pastures and for vast quantities of sheep and cattle fed abundantly, excepting in winter, from this source. Our files by the *City of Baltimore* show that the withering effects of the drought still continue, and that in Russia it extends along the Black Sea, as well as the Baltic.

It is clear, therefore, that the current of gold must return to this country for extensive purchases of food and cotton, and particularly as Russia is crippled in her grain resources. If we are true to ourselves, in our financial policy and in our elections soon to occur, a career of unusual prosperity will soon be the reward of our people.

THE POPE AS MRS. PARTINGTON.

THE Pope of Rome, having come to the conclusion that the world is very much out of order, has summoned an Œcumenical or a General Council of his Church, to assemble on the 8th of December, 1869, and put it right. The bull in which the Pope summons the Council describes the present condition of the world, and is a very extraordinary document. To the ecclesiastically uninspired view the prospect is not alarming. The human mind was never so active as now. The laws of nature and of society were never so vigorously explored, nor studied with so generous an aim. The errors of the feudal and medieval theories of government, of trade, the fallacies of the old political and social philosophy, are rapidly exposed, and condemned by reason and experience. The scope and significance of the great law of liberty, which is the fundamental condition of progressive civilization—intellectual and moral independence, absolute freedom of thought and expression—are becoming constantly plainer. The bonds of ecclesiastical domination, the most fatal enemy of progress, are every where relaxed. The essential necessity of education begins to be generally acknowledged, and the best methods are earnestly and intelligently sought. Science facilitates industry, practically lengthens life, and elevates the soul by the revelation of the exquisite and sublime harmonies of nature. The general welfare of mankind is at a higher point of development than ever before; and the most advanced thought every where seems to foretell a speedy perception of the truth that the various nations are really a fraternity, and not a series of hostile camps. In a word, however vaguely and remotely, yet palpably more than ever before, the great Christian law of a true fear of God and love of man begins to affect human society.

But the Pope of Rome sees nothing but anarchy and despair. He bewails the disregard of what he calls sacred things. With one eye upon the kingdom of Italy, he exclaims that ecclesiastical property is plundered and religious houses suppressed; and with the other upon the empire of Austria, he complains that the education of children is no longer confided to the clergy, but is surrendered to impious persons. He finds every where unbridled license of speech, an endless torrent of pestiferous books and newspapers, and horrible depravity of opinion. The Papal bull is a prolonged wail against the sunrise. The Pope is like nothing in history or in any pestilent work of the imagination, but Mrs. PARTINGTON painfully mopping up the Atlantic Ocean. Men will think, even about his Church. They will speak, even to expose ecclesiastical oppression. They will act, even to the rescue of countries in mortmain. They are come of age, and he wonders how he can yet hold them in the nursery. The veracious chronicler relates that a certain old hen having hatched a brood took them to walk, and was dismayed upon coming to a pond to behold her progeny making gladly for the water. The little brood launched from the shore and swam away. In vain old mother hen clucked and clucked. Her children would not return, for she had hatched ducks, and they had found their element.

LOUISIANA.

WHAT the rebel element of the population in Louisiana is capable of doing the New Orleans massacre proved. That it would gladly secure its supremacy by the most ruthless and bloody means is beyond doubt; nor can there be any question that the situation of the State is very critical. The only comment which the Democratic newspapers think fit to make upon the anarchy produced by men of whom the late Mayor MONROE is a representative, is a sneering ejaculation of "carpet-baggers;" that is to say, there would be no trouble if MONROE & Co. could have their way. What their way is was displayed in the massacre.

Governor WARMOUTH, of Louisiana, has made an official requisition upon the President for a military force with which to preserve order in the State. He forwards letters from various officers and citizens describing the disorder that prevails. Men are shot down in the streets and at their homes, and no efforts are made to bring the criminals to justice. One of the Judges refuses to go into a certain parish without soldiers to protect him, and the Sheriff of the same parish has resigned, owning his inability to arrest offenders. In another parish men, women, and children are murdered by bands of assassins who remain unmolested. In another, the peace is preserved only by armed bodies of volunteer citizens. The Governor estimates that a hundred and fifty persons have been murdered in the State during the last month and a half; that a secret organization, hostile to the colored population, has been formed with the intention of coercing the colored vote; that it was its known intention to assassinate, under certain circumstances, the Lieutenant-Governor and the Speaker of the House; and that it unquestionably meditates a bloody revolution.

The facts of the recent history of the State, and the probabilities of the case, all confirm the Governor's representations, and the duty of the President is plain. He must take every means to preserve order in Louisiana. Nor can he plead, as at the time of the New Orleans massacre, that he does not understand the facts, and has not been warned in time. He has heard WADE HAMPTON, at a public meeting, recommending the coercion of the colored vote in South Carolina, and he knows, as every body else knows, what that means. Louisiana will gladly follow WADE HAMPTON's counsel.

Meanwhile it is useful to remember that it is to the class against whose crimes upon loyal citizens Governor WARMOUTH invokes aid of the President that the Democratic party proposes to give exclusive political power in the State, and intrust the rights and the welfare of the orderly and patriotic population.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION.

A LATE incident in Connecticut has not been sufficiently considered in connection with the revolutionary spirit of the Democratic party. It has been long known that the Connecticut elections, especially in New Haven, and in parts of the State easily accessible from New York, have been shamefully fraudulent. The Legislature at its recent session passed a bill to purify elections by a careful registry and a proper issue of naturalization papers. The bill was rigidly examined and vigorously discussed. It was opposed with warmth and bitterness by the Democratic party, and finally passed by a strictly party vote of the Republicans. The Democrats generally oppose a registry and all safeguards of the ballot. The point in our whole system which should be most watchfully defended is the one which they strive to leave most exposed. The reason is obvious. The Democratic party is recruited not from the intelligent youth of the country but from the most ignorant class of foreign immigrants; and every protection of the ballot founded upon intelligence, residence, and honesty at the polls is, therefore, a limitation of the Democratic vote. When the bill in question passed the Connecticut Legislature the Democratic newspapers threatened violent resistance, especially in New Haven, the scene of the chief election frauds.

The bill was placed in the office of the Secretary of State, and just before it was laid before the Governor for his signature it was discovered that *the words of the law had been secretly changed*, so as to deprive it of its most effective and desirable provisions. These forgeries, moreover, were substantially the changes which the Democratic party had attempted to introduce into the bill. The law was redrawn as originally passed, and was again adopted by the Legislature. The incident illustrates the utterly unscrupulous and dangerous spirit of the party which nominates for Vice-President a man who furiously appeals to the sword as a political remedy—which counts among its leaders the most relentless of rebels, and among its supporters the great mass of the most ignorant and reckless of the population. The Democratic party, despising equal rights, is found every where identified with acts and measures which are not only lawless but which poison the very springs of law and organized society.

LITERARY.

"The Moonstone," by WILKIE COLLINS, was concluded in *Harper's Weekly* two weeks ago, and is one of the most remarkable and fascinating of recent tales. The novelty of the plot, the consummate skill of the handling, and the unabated interest of the story, are alike striking. Mr. COLLINS is the only eminent novelist of the time who rests his work upon the ingenuity of the plot and its development. All his characters and scenes are subordinated to this. Love itself, the master-passion, is only an accessory of the mystery. The weekly numbers of his tales are seized with the eagerness with which an important letter is opened and read, or rather devoured. Yet, if the chief interest is in the development of the plot, there is often a very vivid portrayal of character in Mr. COLLINS's novels. Count Fosco, in "The Woman in White," is an instance of this; it is one of the most successful individualizations of the day. And in "The Moonstone" the character of Miss Clack, although less delicately drawn, and with a feeling of animosity which is artistically injurious, is yet a forcible type, and very sure to be remembered. We promise every reader a most exciting and entertaining story in "The Moonstone." Nor ought we to omit a word of especial praise for the illustrations, which are many, and which are drawn with the most sympathetic appreciation of the text, and often with a poetic delicacy and distinctive character that very greatly enhance the interest and value of the work.

"Cape Cod and all along Shore," stories by CHARLES NORDHOFF, is one of the last publications of the HARPERS, and is a true American book. They are love-stories, of course; but they are of the manly, racy, homely kind, not of the velvet and satin quality. Indeed there is a sturdy honesty of tone in the book which is very attractive, and a real knowledge of character, a susceptibility to what is essentially heroic and romantic, and an unusual experience, which give to the stories an air of actual narrative. The brief description of a shipwreck in "Captain Tom—a Resurrection," is as vivid and picturesque as any that can be found. If the form is slight and the tone almost careless, the sincerity and knowledge and sweet feeling make these little stories a series of Yankee sea-side idyls; and we shall have a right to be seriously disappointed if the hand that has shown itself so skillful does not redeem the pledge of this delightful little volume.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

WHEN General Sherman was interrupted in his speech at St. Joseph, Missouri, by unreconstructed rebels, he suggested that the ringleader should be ducked; and if the old war-dog had had his way, the barking dog would have had a good shaking as preliminary to the bath. They do things differently in Richmond, Virginia. On August 10 Judge Ould, formerly a rebel Brigadier, was interrupted while speaking by a negro who did not agree with him. Instantly the white rebels in the audience set upon the offending negro, and all others within reach; a riot ensued, in which the whites used pistols freely, wounding two negroes mortally, and two white men slightly.

Mr. Motley, late Minister to Austria, has declined a public reception in Boston, as tendered him by the Mayor and the most prominent politicians and literati of the Hub.

The Western robbers of express trains have been driven by the severe operations of Lynch law to Canada. They have congregated in such numbers, and display such a belligerent and thieving disposition, that all trains have to be guarded by soldiers just as we had to do in war times.

A bill has been introduced in the Georgia Legislature declaring negroes ineligible to the Legislature, and exempting one-legged and one-armed men from taxation.

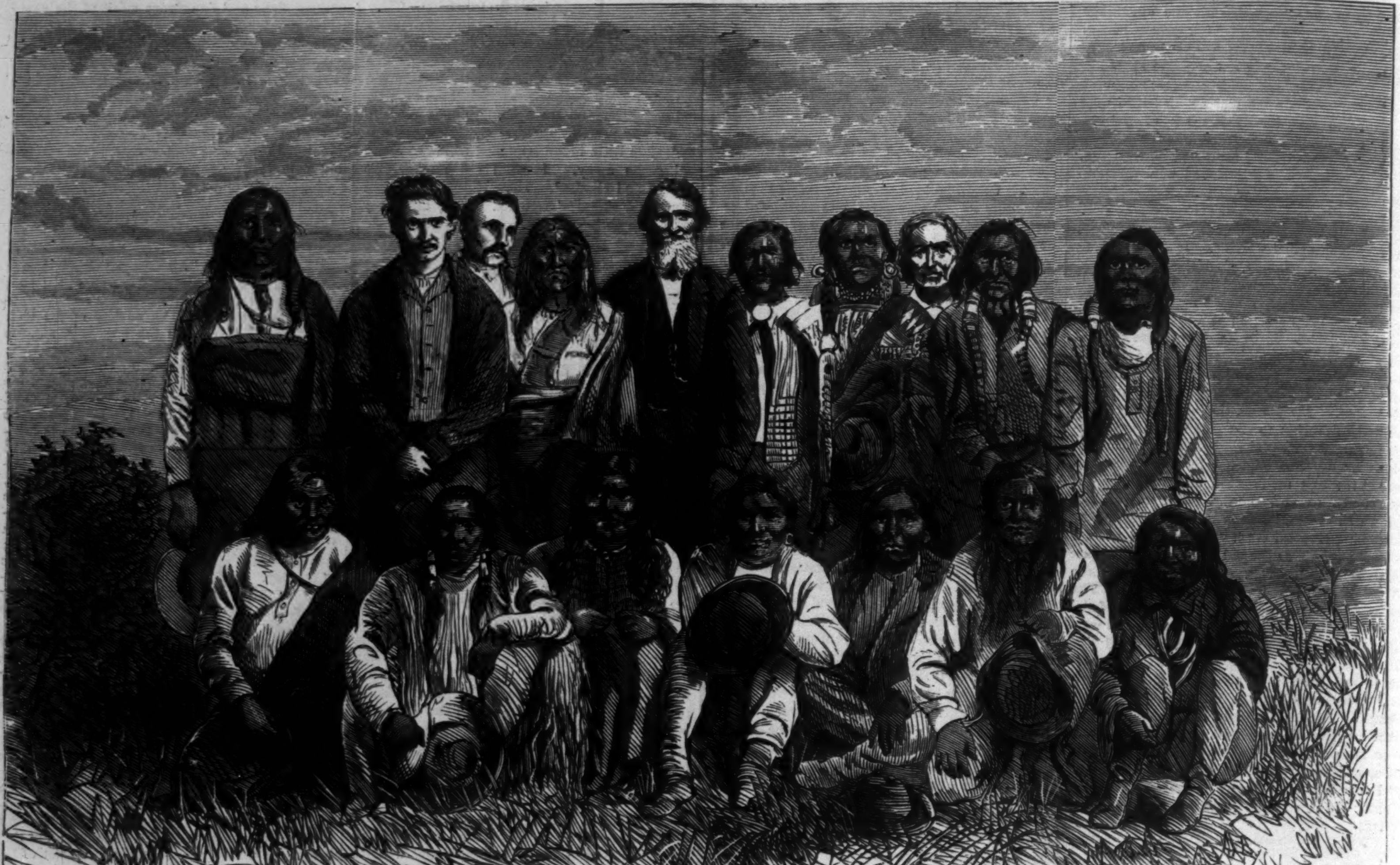
The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has made its second annual report of its proceedings. From this it appears that dog and cock fights have been almost entirely suppressed, ten drinking fountains have been erected for the use of horses, dogs, etc.; great relief has been furnished to car horses during hot weather, and two hundred and fifty persons have been prosecuted for cruelty to their beasts.

FOREIGN NEWS.

STOTS BASHI has regained the ascendency in Japan and put the Mikado in prison—at least in one of the temples under the care of a high-priest. He has been urged to resume the Tycoonate but refused. The American fleet, with the *Stonewall* in possession, still holds the balance of power. The success of Stots Bashi will greatly benefit the foreigners.

The Anti-Union Convention at Halifax, Nova Scotia, has adopted resolutions declaring it necessary to use every means to effect a withdrawal from the new Confederation.

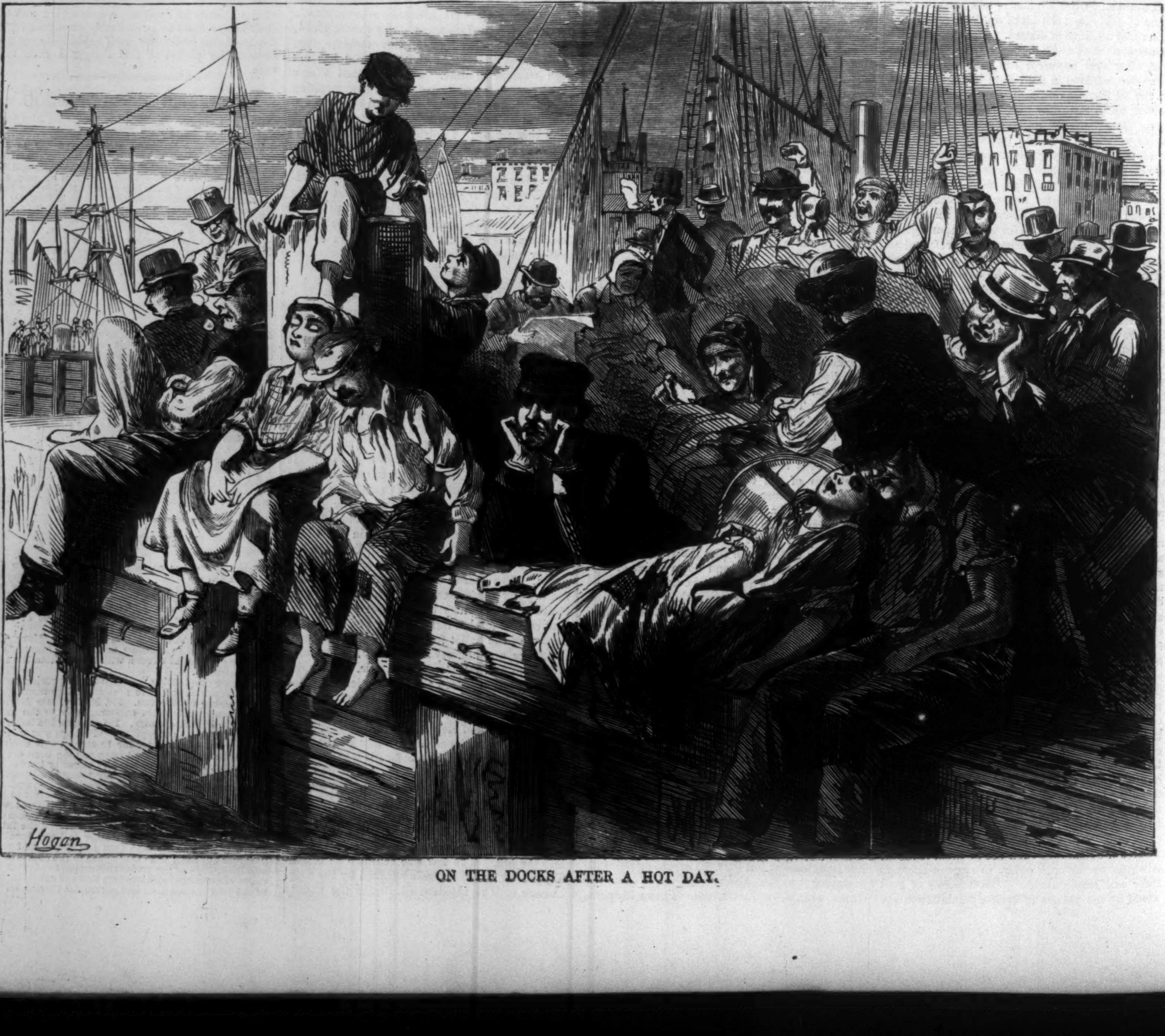
We have frequently alluded to the improving condition of Austria, and have noticed of late many signs of increasing civilization. Mr. Motley, late Minister to Vienna, reports most encouragingly of the future prospects of that country. He says, in his letter declining the Boston reception: "Perhaps you will not think it out of place for me to say on this occasion that in the country where I have so long been officially residing, it was never my lot to hear or to read any expression of unfriendly feeling toward our country. Every manifestation was courteous, kindly, and sincere; the Imperial Government throughout the war maintaining its amicable relations unimpaired with the Government of the United States. There are many clouds hanging over the present and the future of that ancient empire, but there is light breaking above them, and no man that has hopes of human progress but must wish God-speed to the efforts of the administration of the present sovereign to advance the cause of constitutional freedom and the emancipation of the people from civil and sacerdotal thralldom."



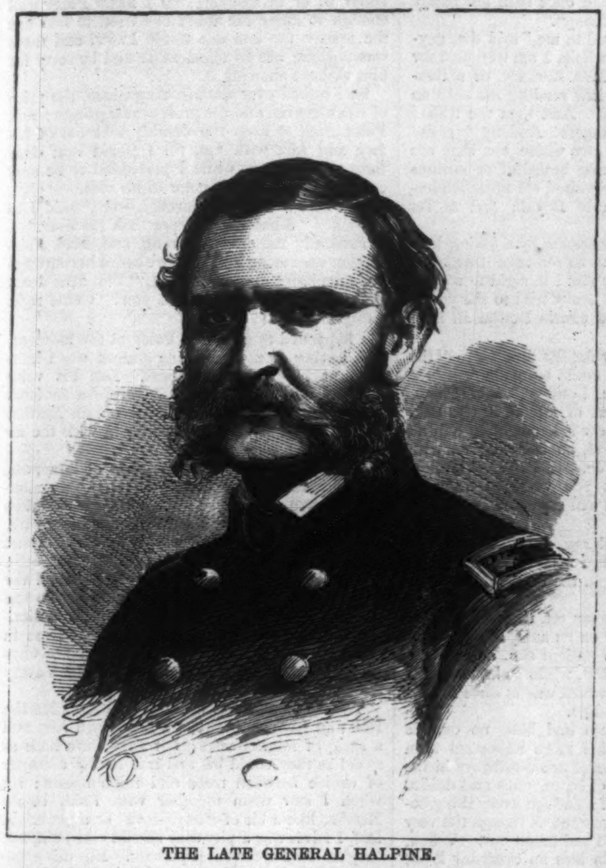
GOVERNOR W. F. M. ARNY'S INDIAN EXPEDITION.—[See Page 534.]

AFTER A HOT DAY.

It is one of the necessary misfortunes of all poor residents of a great city that they are always distant—by time, space, or pecuniary conditions—from those breathing-places—the country or the sea-shore. The problems of houses and country sites and watering-places for the poor, we fear, will never be practically solved. Houses have been planned but never built; country sites are as dear as city lots; the means of transportation to the convenient sea-shore are inadequate and illy regulated. Our nearest approach to success in the furnishing of the people with a breathing-place is the establishment of Central Park. But though this is a great suc-



ON THE DOCKS AFTER A HOT DAY.



THE LATE GENERAL HALPINE.

cess, it is hardly the poor who are most benefited by it; the means of getting there are still too high and inadequate; and it is rather the wealthy, after all, who enjoy its beauties. The poor are still compelled to seek other and less pleasant and healthy breathing-places. We have shown in former issues that the majority of these are not the most delightful localities; and have before pleaded for the inauguration of steps to relieve the pent-up poor.

Among the most favored and frequented spots are the docks on East and North rivers, and any evening after the present hot days the numerous docks may be seen crowded with loungers, as is the one represented in our engraving on page 532. They are by no means always clean; the perfumes wafted on the air from neighboring ships are not always those of Arabia; the characters who haunt the docks are not always unexceptionable; yet with sundown of each sultry day come hundreds of men, women, and children to these docks for the sea air, which comes tainted perhaps, but still cooling and refreshing to their brows.

THE LATE GEN. HALPINE.

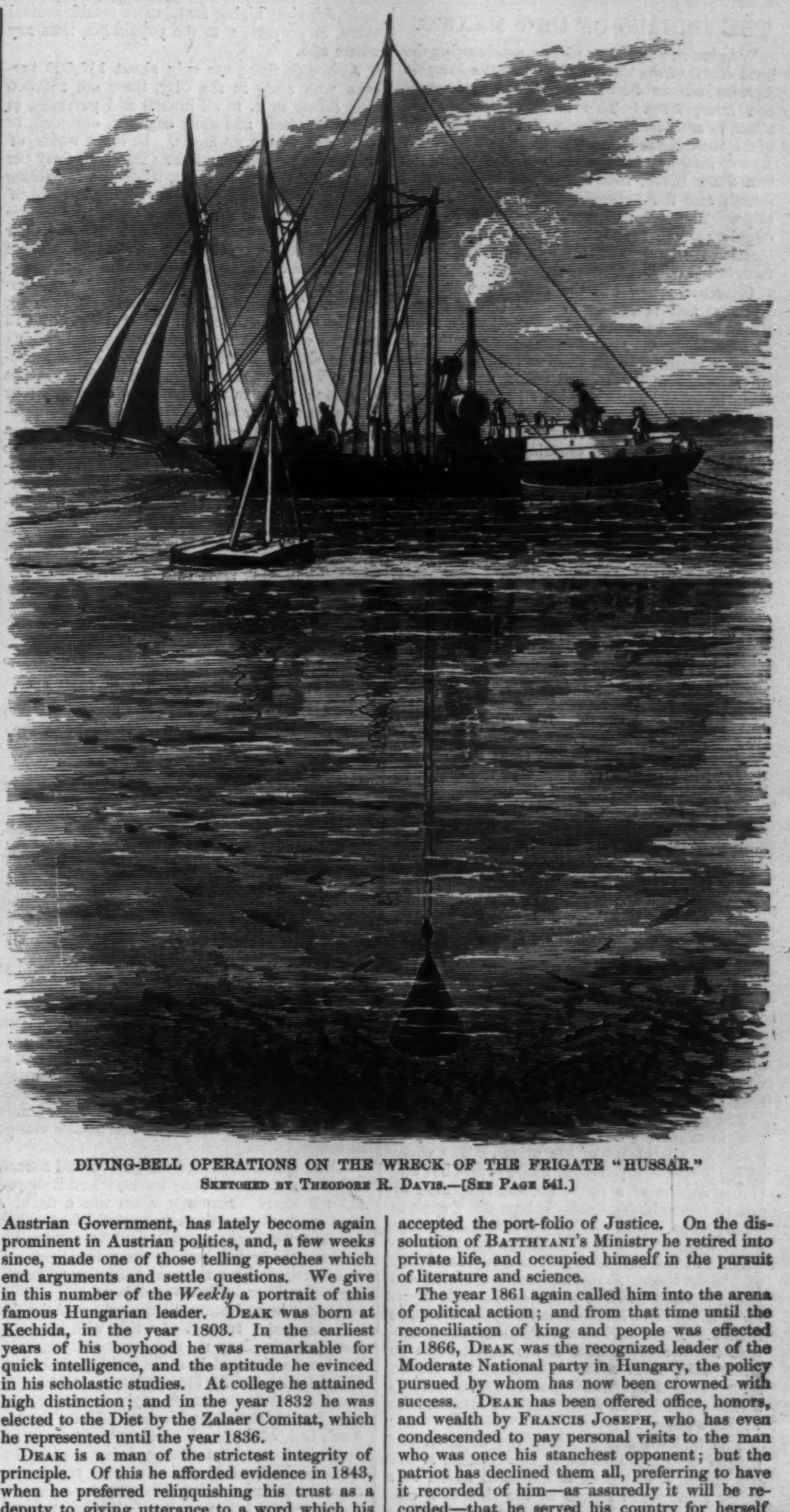
Charles G. Halpine, Register of New York, Editor of the *Citizen*, and formerly a Brevet Brigadier-General in the Volunteer Army, but better known by his *nom de plume* of "**Miles O'Reilly**," died suddenly on August 3, aged 39.

General **Halpine** was a native of Ireland, but came to this country in 1846. He settled first at Boston, and was associated with B. P. **Shillaber** ("Mrs. Partington") in the publication of a literary paper. He subsequently served on the Boston *Pilot*, New York *Herald*, New York *Times*, etc. His first literary venture was a book of "Poems by the Letter H." He was the author of the famous poem, "Stanzas to the American Flag," which began:

> "Tear down the flaunting lie!"

and which, published in the *Tribune*, was for a long time thought to have been an inspiration of Mr. **Greeley's**.

The *nom de plume* under which he was best known was assumed by General **Halpine** in a communication written from the South to the New York *Herald*. It was a long and entirely fictitious account of the arbitrary imprisonment of a private named "**Miles O'Reilly**," who had offended General **Gilmore** by praising Admiral **Dupont** in a poem which was circulated in camp. The writer in his next letter gave a copy of the verses, which caused great merriment wherever they were read. This performance was the first to bring the Irish lyrist before the public; and when, a few months afterward, the witty wag published to the world a full-page account of a reception-dinner given to **Miles O'Reilly** at **Delmonico's**, whereat Mayor **Hoffman** sang a comic song, and other well-known dignitaries indulged in ridiculous speeches, his reputation was made, and in a short time the name of **Miles O'Reilly** was a household word.



DIVING-BELL OPERATIONS ON THE WRECK OF THE FRIGATE "HUSSAR."
Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 541.]

FRANCIS DEAK.

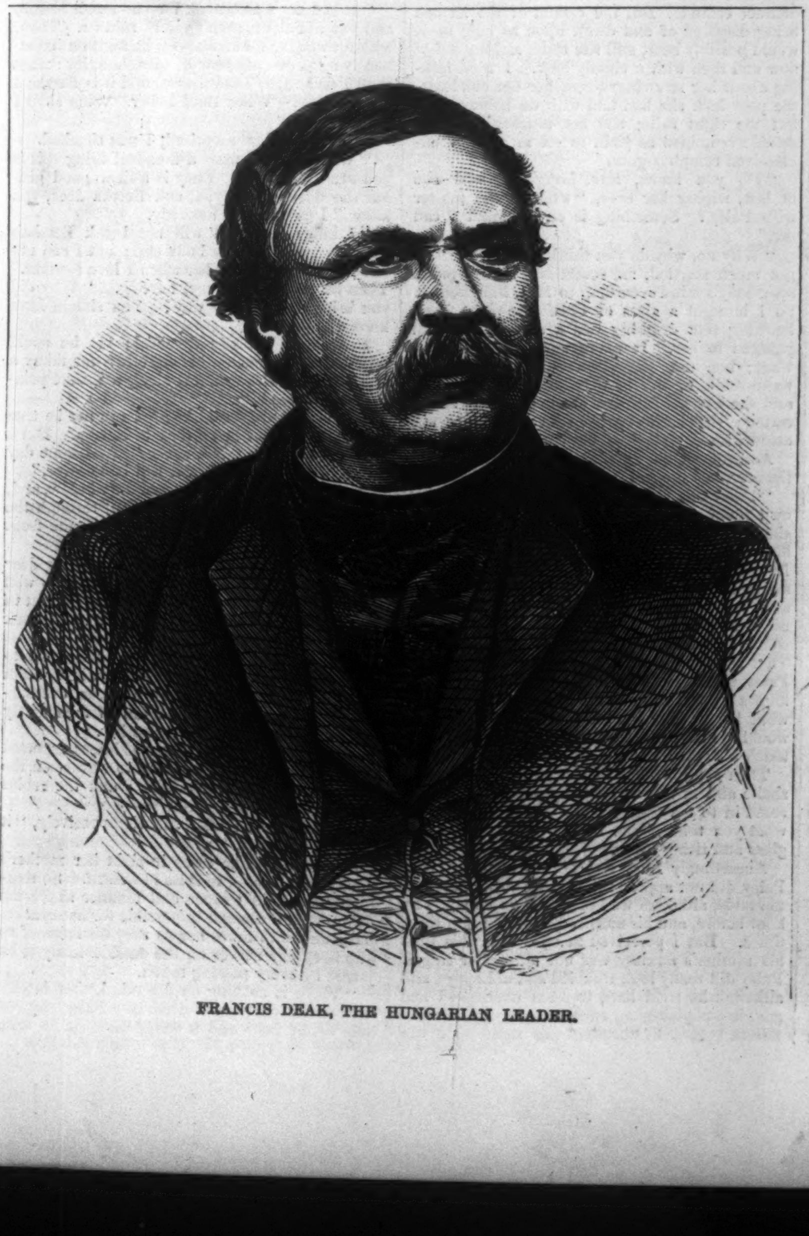
Francis Deak, the man to whom Hungary is most indebted for the restoration of her old Constitution and her rights under the present Austrian Government, has lately become again prominent in Austrian politics, and, a few weeks since, made one of those telling speeches which end arguments and settle questions. We give in this number of the *Weekly* a portrait of this famous Hungarian leader. **Deak** was born at Kechida, in the year 1803. In the earliest years of his boyhood he was remarkable for quick intelligence, and the aptitude he evinced in his scholastic studies. At college he attained high distinction; and in the year 1832 he was elected to the Diet by the Zalaer Comitat, which he represented until the year 1836.

Deak is a man of the strictest integrity of principle. Of this he afforded evidence in 1843, when he preferred relinquishing his trust as a deputy to giving utterance to a word which his conscience could not fully approve.

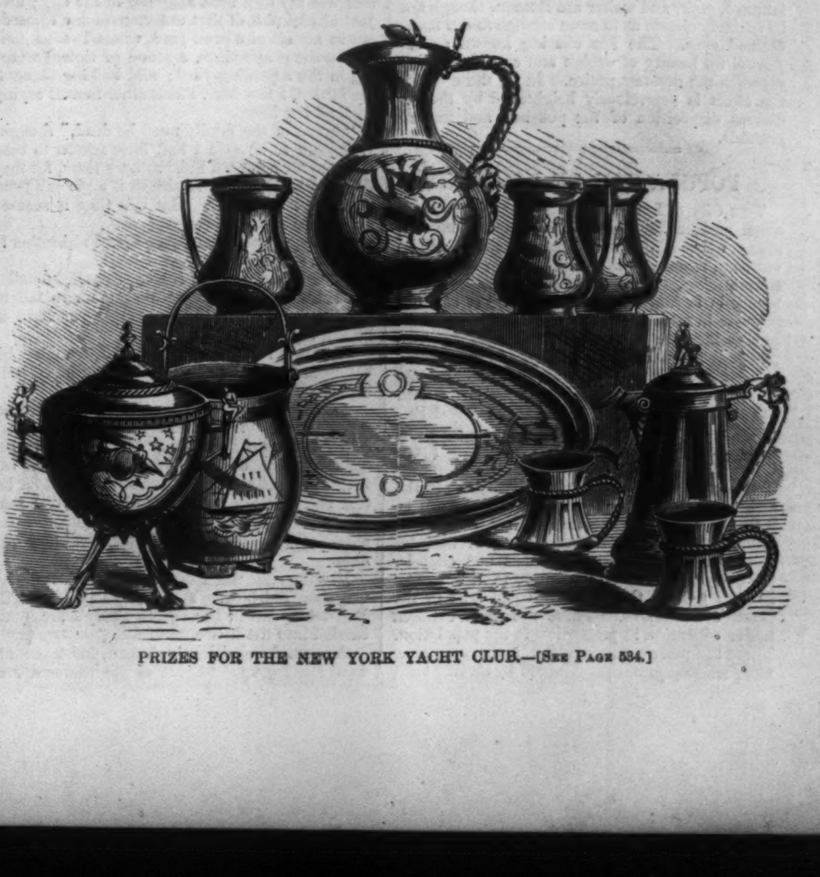
In 1844 he traveled in various parts of the Continent, and in 1847 the state of his health induced him to decline being elected a deputy. Meanwhile he maintained an active correspondence with the Liberal party in his native country; and when, in the spring of 1848, Count **Louis Batthyani** formed a Hungarian Ministry, **Deak** accepted the port-folio of Justice. On the dissolution of **Batthyani's** Ministry he retired into private life, and occupied himself in the pursuit of literature and science.

The year 1861 again called him into the arena of political action; and from that time until the reconciliation of king and people was effected in 1866, **Deak** was the recognized leader of the Moderate National party in Hungary, the policy pursued by whom has now been crowned with success. **Deak** has been offered office, honors, and wealth by **Francis Joseph**, who has even condescended to pay personal visits to the man who was once his stanchest opponent; but the patriot has declined them all, preferring to have it recorded of him—as assuredly it will be recorded—that he served his country for herself alone.

In manner **Deak** is unassuming and even diffident, and he possesses a wonderful amount of calmness and self-command. These last-mentioned qualities, together with his powerful eloquence, have enabled him to influence and even to control the turbulent spirits of his countrymen in the most excited times.



FRANCIS DEAK, THE HUNGARIAN LEADER.



PRIZES FOR THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—[See Page 534.]

THE INDIANS OF NEW MEXICO.

WE give on page 532 a picture representing the head chiefs of the Capote Utahs and the Jicarilla Apache Indians of New Mexico, with their agent and interpreters. This party of Indians are about to start from Abiquin, New Mexico, west of the Rio Grande River, with Governor W. F. M. ARNY, into the unexplored region west of the San Juan River, and which lies between that stream and the Colorado River of the Pacific slope. The object of the expedition is to thoroughly explore that country, with the view of locating the Utahs and Jicarilla Apaches upon a reservation outside of the settlements.

Governor ARNY has the confidence of these Indians, and is urging in their behalf that a treaty should be made with all the Indian tribes of New Mexico. He advocates the adoption of a treaty requiring each tribe to cultivate peaceful relations with all other tribes, and binding them to cease hostilities with all tribes who are at peace with the United States; to relinquish the right they claim to roam where they please in the Territory; and granting them, in consideration of the relinquishment of this right, a certain specified tract of land as their reservation, the boundaries of which should be fully defined, and the Indians be required to remain on it; the American and Mexican citizens excluded therefrom, except when permitted by the agent. The treaty should give the Indians a reasonable compensation for the relinquishment of their claimed rights, in annual payments, not in money, but in clothing, provisions, cattle, sheep, horses, and farming implements, etc., such as would be necessary for their comfort, and enable them to cultivate the soil and manufacture their own clothing. Governor ARNY urges that an Industrial School should be established on the reservation; and in the treaty it should be specified that all children between eight and sixteen years of age should be placed in the school to be educated; the Government agreeing that during that period the children should be clothed and fed, and the Indians to agree that the children shall labor at least three hours per day under the direction of the agent.

The Jicarilla Apaches number about one thousand persons, and the different bands of Utahs number over five thousand fighting men, who have studied the art of Indian warfare to perfection.

THE YACHT CLUB PRIZES.

WE represent on page 533 the solid silver prizes manufactured by Messrs. TIFFANY & Co., of this city, for the New York Yacht Club, and which are to be sailed for during the August cruise of the squadron.

The designs are exquisite, and the ornamentation, in engraving or relief, is particularly appropriate for the object of the prizes. The wine-cooler is of fine proportion, made somewhat after the fashion of a ship's bucket, supported by four feet, on which dolphins in bass-relief sport in silver waves. This is richly ornamented with a finely wrought border of chaste pattern, between which and the base is engraved a representation of a yacht race. A second piece is a superb and graceful punch-bowl, of which each handle represents a youthful Neptune holding his symbolic trident. Three equi-distant dolphins' heads support the upright handle of the cover, while on either side, from a flat chasing of ivy leaves, spring winged figures of Speed, together holding a shield or disc, on which is to be inscribed the winner's name.

The tankard and two cups are of novel and unique design. The lid of the tankard is well set off by a statuette, in annealed silver, of a sailor standing in repose by the side of a capstan, and the handle is similarly adorned by two foul anchors and a block. Each cup is made in the form of a capstan, around which the ends of the handle of (silver) rope are ingeniously twined.

The tankard, three cups, and waiter are among the very finest works of the kind that it has ever been our pleasure to behold, and the recipient may well feel proud to have won such beautiful works of art. The general forms of the tankard, cups, and waiter are Roman, though not so severely classic as to seem strange to our modernized eyes. The flat chasing known as *repoussé* for beauty of design and excellent finish deserves the greatest praise. In all these works the effect is marvelously heightened by the judicious disposition of the polished and matted grounds.

POPULATION OF LONDON.

THE City of London, comprising about ninety small parishes, is less than one square mile in area; whereas the whole metropolis, in all its vastness, reaches nearly a hundred and twenty square miles. The City *can not* enlarge, seeing that it is hemmed in on all sides. It can not increase in population, unless ordinary dwelling-houses increase in number or in height. The process has been just the reverse of this. Modern banks and insurance offices now occupy spots on which whole blocks of dwelling-houses used to stand. The Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, and other public buildings have similarly done their work as house-destroyers. From these causes the population of the City—meaning those who sleep and have their homes in the City—is gradually lessening; and there can be little doubt that this process will continue, making the City a concentrated place of business only. There are more churches and chapels, more clergymen and ministers, in this square mile of ground than on any equal area in the Queen's dominions. There are more children under education in proportion to the population. There are more customs duties, more commerce, more trading profits (as denoted by income tax), more shipping, higher rents, more ratable annual value, in proportion to the population, than any where else.

Although there are only about 110,000 persons who *sleep* in the City, there are 280,000 who *belong* to it, to all intents and purposes, as being regularly and daily engaged, occupied, or employed within its limits. In other words, of the whole population of the City about forty per cent. dwell there at night, while the remaining sixty per cent. quit the place after the close of business hours to go to their domestic firesides elsewhere. Three-fifths of those who make their money in the City spend it out of the City. These three-fifths comprise, almost to a man, the mercantile and commercial class, employers and employed. Taking twelve business hours, from six in the morning till six in the evening, 549,613 persons enter the really small City of London; in the sixteen hours between five in the morning and nine in the evening the number reaches 679,744; while in the whole day of twenty-four hours the number very nearly touches three-quarters of a million—728,986! In other words, a mass of persons, equal in number to twice the entire population of twenty cities—Oxford, Chichester, Worcester, Winchester, Wells, Peterborough, Rochester, Salisbury, Lincoln, Lichfield, Durham, Exeter, Gloucester, Hereford, Canterbury, Carlisle, Chester, Bangor, Ely, and Ripon—enter the City of London every day, and the same number leave it.

A CHANGE.

PARTING the dusky draperies of sleep
My sorrow stood, a vision with calm eyes,
Not robed in her remembered mournful guise,
Nor pallid as from tears she could not weep,
But fair, exceeding wise.

"What change is here?" I marveled, and she drew
Closer, with quiet step, to my dim bed.
Her hand was like a sunbeam on my head,
Weightless and warm; her kiss was pure as dew.
"Call me thy friend," she said.

THE DOUBLE MISTAKE.

BERTHA BELL ran down stairs with her hat and gloves in her hand.

"I will be ready in a minute, Cousin Paley!" she called, stopping an instant at the open door.

"All right! so will I!" returned Cousin Paley, following her into the sitting-room, with a gun in his hand. "I will leave my gun in this corner, Aunt Bethiah. I shall go out for another shot at ducks, when Bertha and I come back, before I go home. It is loaded with a double charge all ready."

As he spoke he placed the gun behind a small table, safely, as it seemed; but somehow it slipped and fell over. Instantly there was a flash, a crash, and a scream from Aunt Bethiah as well as Bertha. The room was full of sulphurous smoke, and somebody fell heavily upon the floor. It was Bertha, who a moment before stood laughing and pulling out her hat-ribbons.

And so in an instant all the colors of the day had changed. Instead of a ride with his pretty young cousin along the summer meadows, Paley Fairbrother jumped into the waiting chaise and rode in all haste for Doctor Peet. And in just one hour after she ran so gayly down the staircase Bertha Bell lay white and still on her mother's bed, with a smell of ether in the room and no right foot. The charge, being double, had entirely shattered it, and there was no question about amputation being necessary.

Bertha was brave as one of the early martyrs, and hopeful as a rainbow; but poor Cousin Paley was in the deeps of gloomy horror and despair.

"It was *I* that did it, Aunt Bethiah! It was I! Oh! Aunt Bethiah, I don't dare go home. I don't dare see my mother. What will my mother say? She was always so opposed to my touching a gun," he said.

Now, as it happened, Paley Fairbrother's mother was my own next neighbor in the city; and just at nightfall of that unfortunate day I heard, out in my bit of a back-yard, where I stood nailing up the grape-vines, a sound of violent weeping in the adjoining yard; and looking through the lattice, I saw Mrs. Fairbrother herself crying with all her heart.

"Some of the family must be dead," thought I, though to be sure I had little reason to take fright at my neighbor Fairbrother's tears, for they flowed with the same readiness if a pie or a principle were in danger. But this time it seemed something sad *had* happened.

"Why, what is the matter, Mrs. Fairbrother?" I asked.

"Oh, Mrs. Longley! it is too dreadful to tell!" she sobbed; and then went right on to tell it. "Paley is in the house now, crying as hard as he can cry," said she.

Just then Paley himself came to the door, his handsome boyish face flushed and stained with boyish tears.

"It was all my fault, Mrs. Longley," said he. "All my fault: and now I shall spend every cent I ever earn, excepting just enough to live on, for Cousin Bertha. Just as soon as she can wear it, I shall buy the most beautiful foot for her that can be made; and if I ever marry, I shall marry her," he continued, with the generous impulses of a boy and the satisfied assurance of a man.

Months after this I saw a carriage stop before neighbor Fairbrother's door, and pretty Bertha Bell taken out in her cousin Paley's arms, and carried into the house.

A sweet-faced girl, only sixteen, and far enough from looking upon her life as blighted and over, as I perceived when I had once seen her happy eyes and heard her glad laugh.

"Every body is so good to me," said she, gayly. "I believe, on the whole, I am well paid for my foot. Only think, Mrs. Longley, of a Beacon Street lady I never saw sending me such an elegant bouquet as this! And then the fruit I have had from entire strangers! And my *friends!* why, none of them go any where but they are sure to pick up something beautiful or curious for me. I could not be waited on more tenderly if I were the Princess Royal; and as for *Cousin Paley!*"

Bertha finished her sentence by a loving look at Paley Fairbrother, and he returned it with one so tender and protecting that I thought to myself it was not likely to be a heavy trial to the young man to take care of his cousin Bertha all their lives.

At last she was ready for the new foot—"the most beautiful foot that could be made."

"It is splendid, Mrs. Longley," said Paley, who was a great friend of mine. "Dr. Peet does not allow her to wear it longer than half an hour at a time now at first, but she can walk with it just as nice as can be. She is a little slow starting, but after that you wouldn't notice a thing different, and you will say so when you see her."

I saw her, and I did say so. Bertha could even run down stairs once more, and was ready to take her place again in the kingdom of youth and beauty.

The sun rose and the sun set, the earth turned restlessly over and over on its axis, and traveled around and around the patient sun, and Bertha kept on growing beautiful, while Paley was still tireless in the devotion which was at once fatherly, brotherly, and lover-like.

In all this time there had been no outside changes to me and mine more important than new pavements and lines of horse-railways in the city, and new growths of butter-cups and daisies in the country. But of a sudden every thing began to happen, until it seemed as though the very foundations of the world had fallen out. When, at last, life settled again into an everyday level, nothing was unchanged only that I still lived in part of my old home, but with one servant instead of four, and only my niece Lucy for company. In the general wreck of friends and fortune Lucy had been left homeless; but, although she had lost every thing else, she had kept her joyous heart, and she came to me cheerful as a cricket on my hearth.

Mrs. Fairbrother remained my next neighbor, and as she was always at hand to weep with those that wept, I had a great deal of sympathy and kindness from her, as also from Paley, with whom I was as great friends as ever.

One day Mrs. Fairbrother came in through the gate that opened in the lattice between our yards. She had a basket of early lettuce and pepper-grass in her hand, and a tear or two in her eye.

"I have brought you a taste of my lettuce, Mrs. Longley, and I *hope* it will not prove so tough you can not eat it," said she in her self-deprecating way, setting down the basket and setting herself down with a gentle sigh.

I saw at once something was the matter, and that the lettuce was only an excuse for coming in; for my neighbor Fairbrother, though we were back and forth so often, never came without a distinct errand. But the errand of the lettuce being disposed of and dwelt upon as long as it would possibly bear, still she staid, sighing softly now and then with a cloudy look. I tried talking about her strawberry-bed, her ten chickens, the poor luck she had had with washer-women; but the right thing was not touched, and the trouble remained as plain to see as a bit of undissolved camphor-gum.

"Do you know, Mrs. Longley," said she at last, wiping her eyes, "what is the matter with Paley? Something is on his mind I can see."

"Why no, why do you think so?" I returned, not much startled, for something is always on somebody's mind according to Mrs. Fairbrother. So I brought a glass of California-plant beer, knowing that drinking was a sort of universal panacea to her. It made but little difference what; hop tea, gill-run-over-the-ground, sage, wake-robin, or the best Bohea. As she often said she was not sure but she could live without eating; she knew by frequent experience she could without sleeping; but she *must drink*.

Accordingly her face brightened as she sipped the beer, but she still shook her bonnet dismally.

"Paley has fits of shutting himself up in his own room, and I can't find out for why," said she, plaintively. "Then when I try to cheer him up by sending him in to talk to you and Lucy he makes some excuse not to come. He seems to prefer to be by himself, and I can see all is not right. It may be his liver; but if not his liver, *something* is on his mind. I have tried slying a little thorough-wort tea into his coffee. That is excellent for any stomach difficulty, and Paley won't ever take medical drinks—not if he knows it; so I have to use stratagem when I see what he needs. I knew a little thorough-wort would do him no *hurt* any way, and it might touch his case; but it does not seem to."

Then she gave her bonnet another despairing shake and turned to finishing her beer. "You come in to tea to-night, you and Lucy, and see what you think," she added, putting down the glass and rising to go.

Accordingly Lucy and I went in to tea; but Paley did not appear till after we were seated at the table, although we heard him go up stairs an hour before, and his mother had called him three times. But I perceived at once that this time his mother's anxiety was not altogether fidget. Paley did really look troubled and unhappy; and although he tried hard to seem unchanged and gay, it was plainly an effort, and the effort was a failure. Mrs. Fairbrother was right. He was either ill or in trouble; but I knew Paley well enough to know the more one tried to find out the matter the less one would know, and there was nothing but to stand aside and be sorry for him without showing it.

So I talked over the last magazines, the price of strawberries, and the prospect for grapes; and Paley tried to keep the deathly look out of his face and talk with me, till I pitied him clear through my heart, while I pretended to be only criticising the cut and color of his vest.

"It isn't a case for thorough-wort," said I to myself. "Something deeper than the liver."

Presently the door-bell rang, and, Mrs. Fairbrother answering it herself, we heard her through the open inner door crying out, "You little dear! Paley will be so glad to see you! Come right straight in!"

I happened to glance at Paley at the moment, and, having on my far-seeing glasses, was frightened at his sudden paleness. But his voice sounded natural enough as he arose a moment after and spoke cordially to his cousin Bertha, whom Mrs. Fairbrother brought in with the air of bringing a pleasant surprise.

Bertha came without any trace of lameness, and with such a sweet face and charming manner that one wished she were a baby to be taken up and kissed. We all did kiss her, to be sure, even to Paley, who met her with a grave and gentle air very becoming to him. But still, though he sat by and talked to Bertha all the evening through, with eyes and ears for no one else, the same sad weight kept down his spirits.

Even my niece Lucy, who is not like me in being observing, noticed it. Lucy, who, always cheerful herself in her quiet way, supposed every body else to be.

There was as much difference between Bertha Bell and Lucy as between a full-blown rose and a sprig of mignonnette; but they were both as sweet as they could be, and it is hardly a matter of choice between roses and mignonnette; so, when I saw them together with Paley beside Bertha, like a bit of "boys'-love" or a geranium leaf, I felt it was a pity they should ever be apart, they set each other off so prettily. But this evening, although the Rose was brighter than ever, there seemed a sort of mist over the other two.

"What was it, Lucy?" said I, after we had gone home. "Was any thing wrong with you or Paley to-night?"

"Not with me, Aunt Jane. But Paley did not seem exactly natural. And he has not for quite a while. I think something troubles him; and a good many times lately he has begun to speak, or looked just ready to, and then turned away suddenly. Or not very lately, either; I haven't seen him much *very* lately."

Then Lucy made a long pause and began to take down her hair. When she spoke again her voice was constrained by an evident effort to speak perfectly natural. "Is Paley engaged to his cousin Bertha?" said she.

"Why yes, I suppose there is an understanding that amounts to an engagement," I replied, looking at her in a little surprise, but seeing nothing unusual in her face; though, to be sure, I hadn't on my far-glasses. And then I turned off the gas and went to bed.

After that I saw nothing of Paley Fairbrother for two weeks and more, and then he came in one day as I was sitting by myself.

"It is Lucy's afternoon for her music lesson, and you are alone, aren't you?" said he. Then, without waiting for an answer, he went on impetuously: "I can not bear it, Mrs. Longley; what shall I do? It is Lucy I love, and it is Bertha I must marry! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

I was more than surprised, I was shocked.

"Why, Paley! what a dreadful thing this is you are telling me! Lucy is a dear good girl, but she doesn't love you, and Bertha does, you know," I gasped out, foolishly.

"I know it, and I will not break Bertha's heart by marrying any body else; but I can not be so false as to marry her when I love another." Then he turned upon me, fiercely. "Why did you bring Lucy in my way? You should have known better!"

Poor boy! It was dreadful; yet he could take out no patent on his suffering, for many a one has gone with torn feet along the same painful road before him.

"It is too hard," said he; "I can not be true to myself without being false to Bertha. But I shall never marry. No, *never!* And some day I shall be dead, and then it will be all over."

As he spoke a shadow crossed the window, and, looking out, he started up and went through the garden door as Lucy came in through the front door.

After that I tried, of course, to keep my dear girl out of Paley's sight, and succeeded so well that for a month they hardly met at all. But in the time Bertha Bell came often, and at last took Lucy home with her for a week.

At the end of the week I was invited out to spend a day, and found Bertha's mother, whom I knew very little before, an anxious, overburdened woman, as fussy and full of melancholy foreboding as her sister Fairbrother.

Her beer was not so spirited as it was expected to be; a piece of cloth spread to whiten on the grass showed signs of mildew; and the robins were eating all her cherries.

"Sometimes I think," said she, pensively, "it doesn't pay to live."

But when Bertha came in sight her mother's cloudy face cleared in spite of herself. So thoroughly sweet in temper and manner as Bertha always was, it seemed impossible for annoyances and troubles to move her as they do those of us who keep our nerves on the outside ready to be jarred by every passing touch.

"There is nothing on *her* mind, that is certain, and I am thankful for it. Paley can not help loving her; and it would be a sin to take all the sunshine out of her sky," said I to myself, remembering that

"Lightest hearts
Make sometimes heaviest mourning."

So when, on our way home, Lucy told me the wedding-day of Bertha and Paley was appointed, I was, on the whole, glad he had thought better of his determination never to marry.

"They will be very happy together. It is a good thing," said I, heartily.

"I hope so," returned Lucy, with such a *little* sigh that I should never have heard it, only I had on my far-glasses, and they quickened all my senses.

Then I fell to wondering why Lucy sighed, and was very glad it was not for herself; but, before I had time to ask her, she added, "Bertha wishes me to stand with her, Aunt Jane."

"By no means. I can not consent to such a thing," I answered, decidedly, thinking of the mockery it would be to poor Paley.

"I did not want to, but Bertha was so anxious, and thought I should be such a comfort, I didn't know but I ought," returned Lucy.

"Bertha will need no comfort but her husband," I replied, severely vexed by the ignorant girlishness that understood so little at what price her happiness was bought.

Half-way back to the city we met Paley Fairbrother going out to see his bride; and the same evening as we sat by ourselves—Lucy crocheting a toilet-set for her bridal gift to Bertha, and I thinking of poor Paley and his unsatisfied heart—Paley himself tapped at the half-open door, and came suddenly in upon us.

I looked up in surprise, and was still more surprised when I saw the unburdened and even radiant look on his face, mingled yet with the unrest of anxious doubt.

"I could wait no longer," he said, in a sudden burst, "before speaking to Lucy. Bertha is *such* an angel! And there I was, the wickedest hypocrite that ever lived, going to *allow* her to marry me under the belief that I loved her best of all the world! I thought I was acting from generosity, but it was only *cowardice*, Mrs. Longley; nothing else. She put me to such shame by her own noble courage and truth. Oh! she is an *angel!* It was wrong, she said, to marry with a lie in one's mouth, and I had a right to know that she had loved Percy Hathaway—that high-school teacher at Lindsey, you know—better than me. But she never suspected till he spoke to her, and then she never gave him a word of encouragement. She felt bound to me, and meant to be faithful, only she could not begin with a falsehood in her mouth, and thought I had a *right* to know. *Such* an angel! You can't think how handsome she looked when she said that. I had to kiss her on the spot, and then I told her my story. And now if Lucy will not love me I don't know what I *shall* do!"

As he spoke in his boyish vehemence and manly passion Lucy went red and white, and red again, without saying a word or looking up, while I was dumb as she.

Presently Paley spoke again. "Speak, Lucy, won't you? I don't know what I *shall* do if you will not love me," he repeated, earnestly.

Then Lucy looked shyly up. "I never *could* see how Bertha could love any body better than Paley, but I didn't tell her so."

Poor Lucy! It seemed, with all my gratulation, and in spite of my far-glasses, that it was she who had been wearing the crown of fire, after all. Besides returning Paley's unspoken love with true womanly interest—which is *compound*—she had been sole confidante of Bertha's mistaken scruples, tearing her heart with tender sympathy, and keeping her secrets so closely that I, in my blind wisdom, did not even discover that she had any secrets to keep. But

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows passed?"

Not long after this evening there was a double wedding at St. Paul's Church, and I sat in the first pew, with my neighbor Fairbrother wiping her eyes in pure delight upon one side of me, and Mrs. Bell sighing out her thanksgivings upon the other; while I looked through my glasses at the kneeling brides, and said to myself, how much better the truth serves one than a lie!

JAPANESE WRITING.

JAPANESE writing is very free and flowing, and well deserves the term "cursive," which is usually applied to it. Like printing, it is in vertical columns, commencing at the right-hand side of the page. Although this method of writing does not appear to admit of so much variety in the shape of the letters as the horizontal system, it is very rapidly done, and looks very characteristic. It is difficult for a student to decipher, as a very curious style is adopted, and the variations of handwriting always cause written characters to be less easily intelligible than printed matter. Pens and ink are of course not used: a brush, consisting of a nicely arranged bunch of hair, finely pointed, in a bamboo handle, is passed along a stone, on which some Indian ink has been rubbed down with water. The writing-paper is porous, and easily receives and retains the characters lightly and rapidly painted on it by the writer.

What renders it difficult to speak and write Japanese correctly is, that the phraseology varies according to the position in life and relationship of the person addressed. A Japanese lady, when conversing with her female relatives, uses a different choice of words from what she would do were she speaking either to her male relatives or to her servants. To fail or to misplace these expressions betrays a want of refinement and education which is instantly discoverable by the practiced ear; and thus one may be well acquainted with the colloquial language of the common people, and yet be unable to address those of higher rank.

In reference to writing, it may be mentioned that post-offices exist in all Japanese towns and cities except "Jeddo," the capital of the Tycoon. The postage of a letter from "Simonosaki" to Jeddo (for letters are received there, though there is no public office whence they can be dispatched) is five tempos (about sevenpence-halfpenny). The distance is over 200 miles, therefore the tariff is not much higher than what our fathers used to pay. In a country where money is worth so much as it is in Japan it is sufficiently high to prevent a very large correspondence being carried on, but this means of communication is always available.

THE AMERICAN ARMY.*

To create, command, and disband a great army are among the most difficult acts of a free government.

At the period of the inauguration of Lincoln, the United States were really without an army. The insignificant force which had formerly passed under that name had been dissipated by the perfidy of Floyd, the Secretary of War; the most important portion of it had been disarmed and destroyed in Texas by the treason of General Twiggs.

At the close of the war the army numbered about 1,050,000 men. Such was its strength when it was disbanded.

Enthusiasm furnished in the beginning what seemed to be an adequate supply of volunteers. But enthusiasm can not be relied upon as a steady principle of national action. It is quickly excited, and, under the influence of adversity, as quickly subsides. Men were next obtained by the allurement of bounties, and that eventually failing of its purpose, they were taken by draft.

The quality of the force thus arising changed with the changes of its origin. To the experienced military eye, the troops in the national service up to the epoch of the battle of Bull Run constituted an armed multitude, but not an army. Then it became evident that something more effective was necessary. Many months were consumed, and the skill of a trained officer, General McClellan, was exhausted; unstinted supplies were lavished; but, though a great improvement was accomplished, perfection was very far from being reached. Not without the utmost difficulty, and after many disasters, were the political aspirations of officers and men extinguished. It was in the West that the army first became what an army ought to be—a mere centre of human force, capable of being directed with mathematical precision along any given line, and brought to bear irresistibly on any given point. In the judgment of a very high military authority, this degree of perfection was first manifested in General Grant's campaign from Grand Gulf to Vicksburg.

To attain to this, an army must have lost all outward political thought; it must have implicit reliance on the mind which is guiding it. It must have complete cohesion in all its parts—from that tenacity results. Each soldier must thoroughly feel that, no matter how insignificant he as a single individual may be, he is absolutely sustained in what he is about to do by the unswerving and unfailing power of the whole force. The highest excellence is reached when the converse of this conception is attained, and the individual soldier considers that on him personally the safety and honor of the whole army may be depending. In the wars of Napoleon the Imperial Guard had been brought to this state. It is not by the pageantry of reviews that this grand ideal is reached; the perfect soldier, like his own weapon, must have passed through the ordeal of fire.

Considering the military condition of the nation when General McClellan undertook the formation and organization of the great Army of the Potomac, the time consumed in bringing that force into a satisfactory condition was far from being too long. The preceding paragraphs show how much was necessary to be done and how much was actually accomplished. From the resources furnished without stint by Congress McClellan created that army. Events showed that his mental constitution was such that he could not use it on the battle-field.

Events also showed that McClellan's solution of the Problem of the Form of the War was incorrect. He did not recognize the importance of the Mississippi Valley, and looked upon military operations there as of secondary importance. Though the force he had accumulated was already unmanageable in his hands, he unceasingly importuned the government to strip the Western armies of whatever they could for the sake of adding to his already unwieldy mass. There probably never was an army in the world so lavishly supplied as that of the Potomac before the Peninsular expedition. General McDowell, who knew the state of things well, declared, in his testimony before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, "There never was an army in the world supplied as well as ours. I believe a French army of half the size could be supplied with what we waste."

While these things were lavished on the Army of the East, no superfluities were given to the Army of the West. In his examination before the same Congressional Committee, General Pope testified that the Western army had labored under a great many disadvantages, but it had always pursued an aggressive policy from the beginning. So far as material was concerned, it was indifferently supplied compared with the Army of the East: he added, "We had nothing, you might say; I have seen men go into action there with the locks of their muskets tied on with strings. I have seen them wearing overcoats to hide their nakedness, as they had no pantaloons. When I left there there were some troops that had been there over a year, and yet had but two or three ambulances to a regiment of a thousand men." To the question, "Was it all appropriated for the Army of the Potomac?" he replied, "I do not say what became of it. I do not know that it had an existence; at least we never saw it. Our troops suffered very much, and I must say that it was understood by them to have been from neglect on the part of the government."

It was the man in the overcoat, with the lock of his rifle tied on with a string, who won victories—not the pampered, neatly-uniformed soldier.

I shall close this chapter by quoting some instructive remarks on the national armies of the Civil War. They occur in a communication made to me by one of the greatest and most successful of the generals. "Our paper armies were very large, while the officers and men for actual duty were small in comparison. As a rule, in a well-ordered army, if sixty-six per cent. of the men 'present' can be brought into battle, it is a good average; the other thirty-three per cent. are employed as cooks, teamsters, nurses, servants, etc., etc.—are sick, on furlough, detached. Then the men reported as 'absent' to guard rivers, dépôts, prisons, railroad stations, escorts, etc., etc., make fearful blanks in every regiment and subdivision of the army. During our war, at no time do I think one half of the men receiving pay were engaged with the fighting armies at the front, and this half was subjected to the farther diminution of the thirty-three per cent. before mentioned, so that in an army whose muster-rolls would give 100,000 men 'present' and 'absent' for pay, no general could expect to bring into battle, at any distance from his base of supplies, more than 35,000 men. By way of illustration, I take the case at the close of the war, when for the first time we got at the real facts and figures. 1,050,000 men were then on the muster-rolls to be paid off and discharged.

"The active fighting armies then were:

Grant at Richmond	80,000
Sherman at Raleigh	65,000
Schofield in North Carolina	15,000
Canby at Mobile and in the Southwest	30,000
Wilson's cavalry at Macon, Georgia	12,000
Stoneman in East Tennessee	5,000
Thomas in Kentucky and Tennessee	40,000
West of Mississippi (Missouri and Arkansas)	15,000
	262,000

Where were all the rest?

"Guarding thousands of miles of sea-coast, rivers, and roads, guarding prisoners, and acting as provost guards, or loafing about the country. I do not mention this in criticism, but to show how in war such vast expenses do arise, and how often the country overestimates the exact strength of armies from the official returns.

"At no single time during the late Civil War—not even in 1864, the time of the greatest pressure—do I believe that fifty per cent. of the men drawing pay as soldiers were actually within striking distance of the enemy. To this cause may be traced some of the worst failures, when the government and people behind pushed their officers 'on,' supposing that figures could handle muskets and fight battles."

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* Extract from Vol. II. of Dr. DRAPER'S *History of the American Civil War*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is a great source of comfort and satisfaction, as well as of safety, for those who spend August in the city to know that some progress is being made every week in the work of cleansing the streets, and of mitigating or removing unwholesome nuisances. Many of the most filthy and unhealthy localities in the city have been disinfected by being liberally sprinkled with a solution of carbolic acid and sulphate of iron. Investigations have been made among the fat-boiling establishments near the North and East rivers, and it is said that the unpleasant effluvia arising from those places is due to the boiling of the fat in open boilers, and that if close steam tanks were used no offensive odors could escape. The multitudes who have been deprived of their modicum of fresh air by the manner in which this business has been conducted will be glad to be assured that the Sanitary Committee have charged certain responsible persons with the duty of closely observing these establishments hereafter, and that the permits for carrying on the business are to be revoked on the first complaint from them. This regulation should be enforced the whole year round.

A compromise has been at length agreed upon between the Board of Health and the butchers, which it is believed will in a few months bring about a very desirable change, without any unnecessary pecuniary loss to a very useful industrial class. The butchers agree, in consideration that time be allowed them to the 1st of January next to remove their slaughter-houses from the city, to submit honestly and fairly in the mean time to any regulation or ordinance, the enforcement of which the Board may deem necessary for the public health and safety, and engage to lose no time in making such arrangements that by the close of the year no slaughtering will be done within the prescribed limits. The report of the Sanitary Inspector states that a change in the process of gas making is absolutely needful for the public health and convenience; and the matter is under consideration by the Board of Health.

Rutherfurd Park Hotel has been recently opened for guests. It will accommodate over two hundred, is nicely furnished, has a fine dining-hall, reading-room, and many pleasant surroundings. The Passaic River, just in front of the hotel, is the great attraction.

One can not take up a newspaper without reading accounts of deaths from drowning. If the number who have been accidentally drowned since the 1st of June were accurately stated the list would be a long one. Wherever bathing is practiced suitable provision for emergencies should be made; and then such a sad calamity as that which occurred a week or two ago at Atlantic City, New Jersey, by which four valuable lives were lost, could scarcely be possible. A party of excursionists from Philadelphia went to spend a day of pleasure at Atlantic City, and bathing in the surf was a part of the programme. One or two of the bathers, swimming beyond their depth, called for help, but there was not even a line upon the beach. Those who attempted to rescue the sinking men perished themselves; and this catastrophe took place in broad daylight, and, as it were, in full view of a multitude of people, who were unable to render any assistance.

A case of drowning recently occurred at Fort Hamilton under peculiarly harrowing circumstances. A soldier who had been subjected to the punishment of "ball and chain" was bathing in the Narrows, near the shore. The "ball and chain" was not removed from him, nor from his companions, during the bath, although they were accompanied by a guard. This unfortunate man, either for the moment forgetting the drag which was upon him or overconfident in his strength, passed beyond his depth, and, struggling vainly to reach the pier within a few yards of him, disappeared beneath the surface. Of course assistance from his comrades was out of the question, whatever might have been expected from the guard. The body was recovered, but too late for resuscitation. The jury, in rendering a verdict of accidental death by drowning, took occasion to "protest strongly against the cruelty and danger of compelling prisoners under sentence to wear the 'ball and chain' while bathing."

The Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University is becoming an increasingly important department. Practical science will make its way through the classics; for the industrial professions of a rapidly growing country demand the help of men well educated in the natural sciences. This year twenty-five graduated at the Scientific School, and the class will probably be larger next year.

A company has been chartered under the laws of the State of New York for the purpose of constructing vehicles of hard rubber. The body of a "whalebone rubber road wagon," constructed by this company, is moulded in a single piece, without joints, and is a little more than one-half as heavy as an ordinary wooden wagon body, and less expensive. It is said not to shrink, crack, or swell, takes a high polish without paint or varnish, and is not easily scratched.

An exchange states that "a fond mother in Cincinnati broke her arm the other day while whipping a disobedient infant." She will probably try moral suasion next time.

Indiana newspapers speak of a mysterious and fatal disease which is prevailing among the cattle in some sections of the State. It is believed this disease has been brought into the country by the Texas cattle, as in all the infected districts these cattle have either been herded or driven. It is ascertained that upon all the cows that have died there are immense numbers of ticks and lice. These ticks or lice, it is believed, poison the blood and cause inflammation and partial congestion of the lungs and pleura.

There is nothing more delightful while traveling through romantic regions than to meet by accident with some soul kindred to your own who is, like yourself, inspired by the picturesque prospect. An artist on a recent visit to Catskill was contemplating with rapture a rare sunset. The heavens were flooded with golden and purple light, and field and mountain glittered with the reflected glories of the sky. Suddenly he perceived a person standing by his side, and, turning to him, exclaimed with enthusiasm: "What a magnificent picture you have here, my dear Sir!"

"Whereabouts?" was the very indifferent inquiry of the stranger.

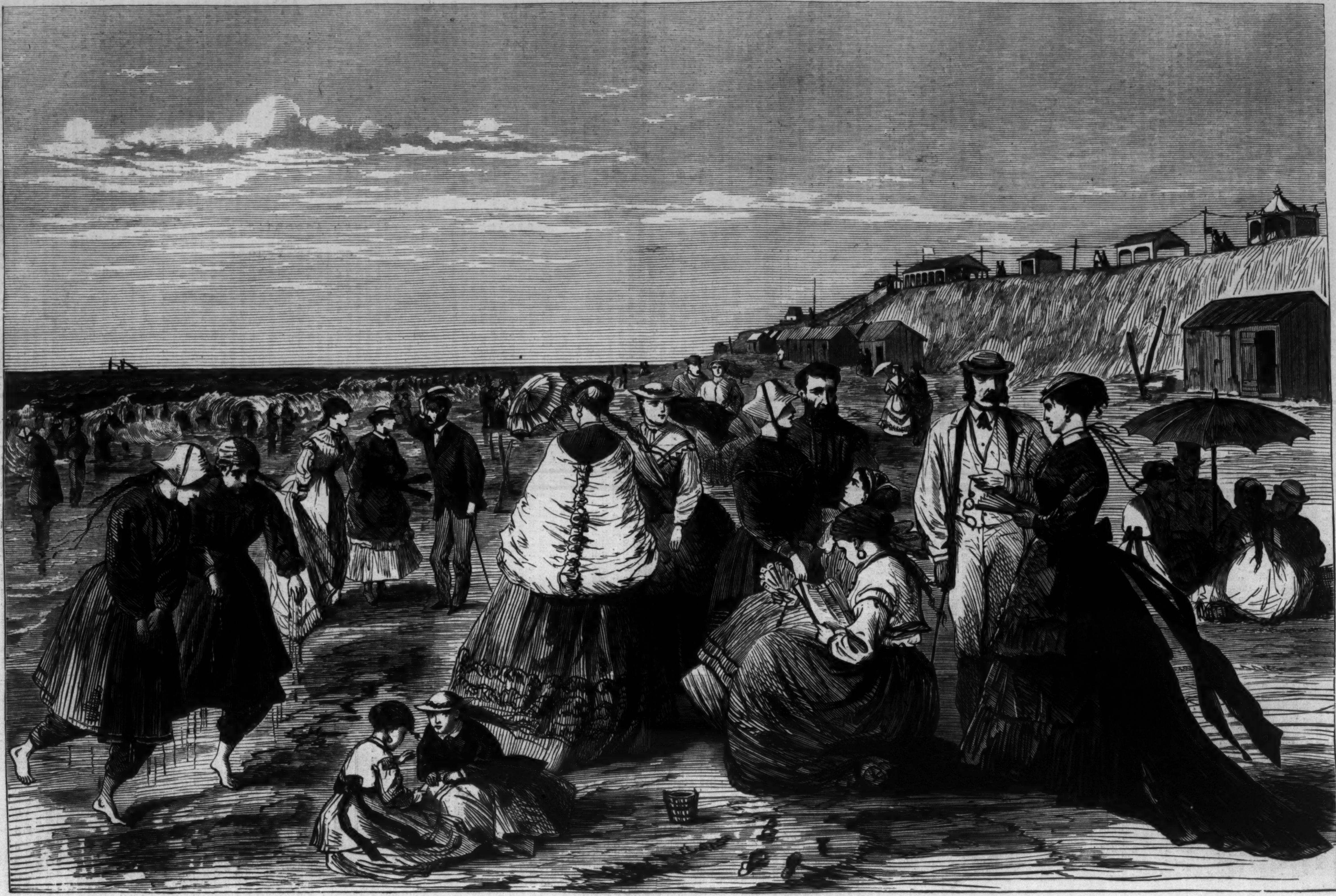
"Look all around—the mountains, the heavens, the setting sun. What picture can surpass such a view?"

"Why, yes," replied the stranger, in a deliberate way; "I have often thought that if I could only raise money enough to set up a cake-and-beer stand in this location it wouldn't pay bad, because lots of folks travel along in this neighborhood."

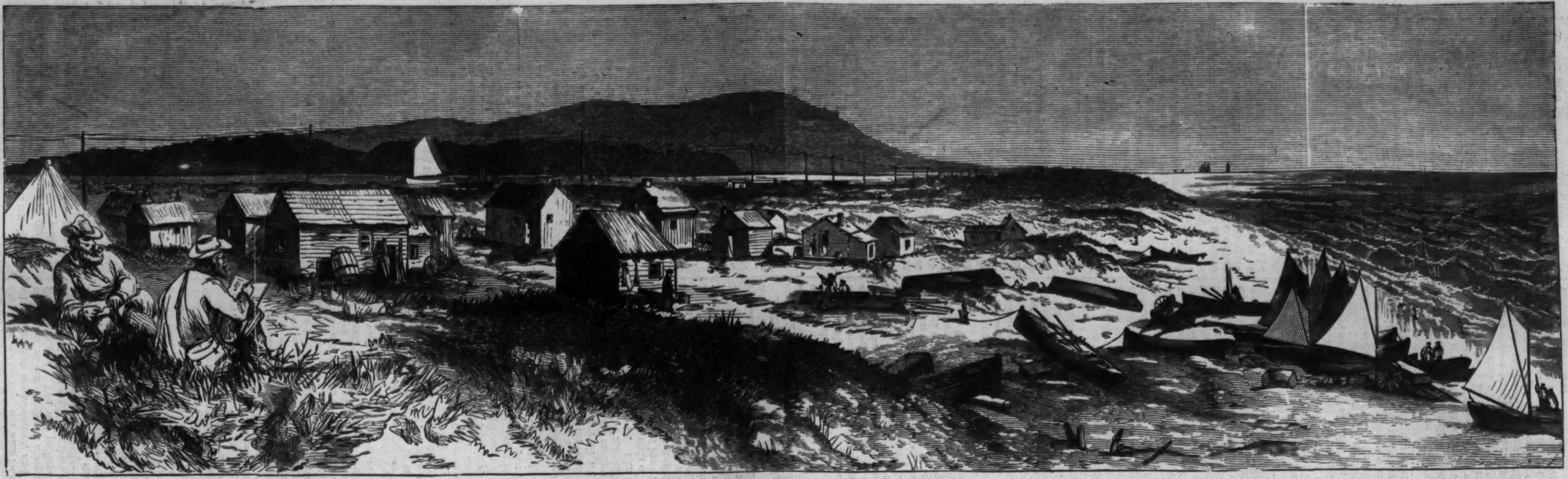
The Ward Brothers have issued a challenge stating they are desirous of testing the relative merits of the oarsmen of Great Britain and the United States, and will make a match with any four men for $5000 a side; distance five or six miles straightaway; the race to be rowed in either country, on waters mutually agreed upon. The brothers propose to give $1000 to any crew willing to visit the United States, for expenses, or will take that amount and row in England.

The lobster fishery is a source of great revenue to Maine. Probably nearly half a million dollars' worth of lobsters are caught on the coast annually. There are numerous "lobster factories" which employ many hands during the summer in canning lobsters. A lobster factory is not a very pleasant place to enter. It has a slippery aspect, and the "crackers" at their work, cracking the claws and picking out the meat, have a dirty look. Those who would relish canned lobsters had better not visit the factory. At least this is the opinion of the Portland *Transcript*, which appears to have been making special investigations about the matter, and which nevertheless asserts that the lobster is good eating, and no part of the animal is poisonous. The so-called "lady" is simply the cartilaginous stomach, and would not be good eating merely because it is tough. The delicious "tom alley" is the liver, while the unimpregnated eggs form the "coral," and are considered a delicacy.

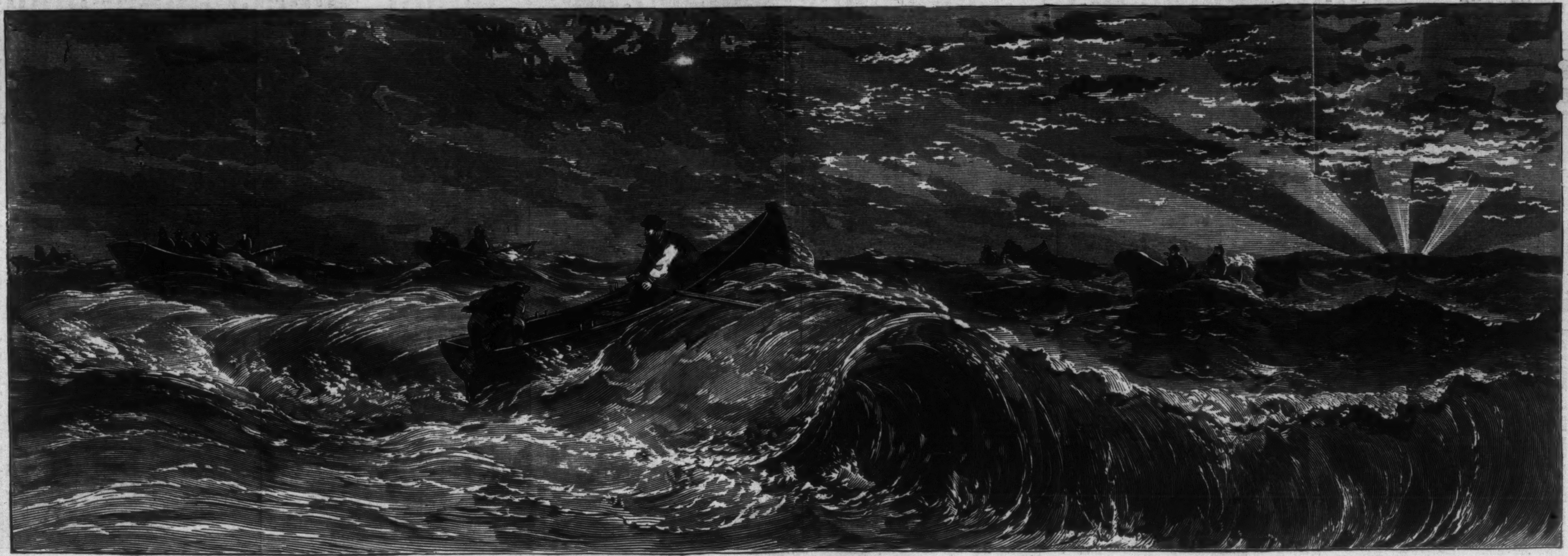
The following ludicrous story appears in the Paris *Moniteur*, and may be a caution to those who are so foolish and wicked as to indulge in practical jokes of this kind: "In a mountain district near Lyons lived a harmless idiot, of Herculean stature, who was commonly known as the 'innocent.' One day some young men told the 'innocent' that a neighbor was dead, and that he would have to join with others in sitting up all night to watch the corpse. He made no objection, and was introduced into a cottage where a man simulating death was stretched on a bed. The party sat round for some time in solemn silence, the idiot behaving with as much propriety as any one else. But one by one the others slipped away, and the 'innocent' was left alone in the death chamber. The intention was that the corpse should jump up, walk about, and frighten him out of his poor stock of wits. The conspirators remained within a few yards of the cottage to watch the working of the plot. Soon they heard piercing screams, and, holding their sides with anticipated laughter, they rushed to the cottage to mock at their victim. But as they neared the door they found, to their surprise, that the howling voice was not of the 'innocent,' but of their comrade, who had agreed to personate the dead man. When they entered the 'innocent' was beating the 'corpse' with a broken flail, and but for timely succor the joke would have been sadly earnest. When he jumped up from his grave-clothes the 'innocent,' instead of being frightened, said coolly, 'Dead man, lie still!' and proceeded to belabor him with a force which the joker was utterly incapable of resisting."



THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY.—SKETCHED BY W. S. L. JEWETT.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE FISHING VILLAGE OF NAUVOO, NEW JERSEY.



THE TOILERS OF THE SEA—FISHERMEN AT NAUVOO LAUNCHING THEIR BOATS AT DAYBREAK.—[See First Page.]

MY FAIRY.

From heaven to earth I journeyed at my birth,
Lonesome and wae;
So a kind-hearted fay came with me all the way,
For company.

I brought no wealth, no beauty, love, or health,
And had but store
Of days for property; I think she pitied me,
I was so poor.

Only a throne—though worlds were all her own—
Had this good elf;
So in great charity, finding naught else for me,
She gave herself.

Time best can show how rich the gift will grow—
I took her name;
And now there's nothing known or dreamed I do not own,
And may not claim.

There's none to share—there's every thing to spare!
I am so grand
That I can pay earth-rates with tithes of great estates
In wonder-land.

My ancestry was proud, and fate, maybe,
Will find an heir;
Meanwhile, in my state-robe I travel o'er the globe,
And pay no fare.

My fairy's wand bears me, at her command,
Past afternoon;
Where day with night agrees I greet their majesties,
The sun and moon.

Or isles that are where seas, lonely and far,
Hoard all the sky,
I find; and I forget earth is not heaven yet,
It seems so nigh.

If I am sad my fairy makes me glad
Whene'er she will;
She finds all life has lost, she pays all life has cost,
And lulls grief still.

She sings a song sometimes; it is not long—
I know the words;
I think she learned the tune when April, come too soon,
Surprised the birds.

"Great loyalty hath faith, great royalty
Have dreams," she sings;
"Beauty hath wonderment, duty hath dear content,
And hope hath wings."

A REJECTED SAINT.

Sir,—By the terms of our copartnership, formed two years ago, our business relations can be severed by either party giving ten days' notice of dissolution.

I beg to notify you that on and after the tenth day following the date of this present notice I shall insist that all business and social relations between you and me, and between you and my family, shall forever cease.

I shall hereinafter inform you, in very plain and explicit terms, why I have come to the before-mentioned conclusion; but I beg you to understand that I do not thus explain in order to justify myself for the action, for in my opinion any gentleman under the same, or even less offensive circumstances, would have been justified and warranted, morally and—as I believe on my oath as a lawyer—legally too, in expelling you from from his door not only without explanation but with indignity. I write this not only that you may understand how your conduct is viewed by my family and myself, but also that you may perceive by the positive language which I use that this must be the end of the affair, and that I have decided once and for all.

If there is any one thing which will turn the head of a poor young man of illy-balanced mind and unformed character, and make a fool of him, it is a sudden and unexpected behest of valuable property. If there is any other one thing which will turn his head with equal rapidity and make him a knave, it is an artful and designing woman. When the fortune and the woman are combined, as in your case, the youth, as in your case, becomes both fool and knave. (I am fully aware of the libelous character of this language, and stand prepared to prove it truth, and therefore no libel.)

Six years ago you entered my office as a law student. You were a young man without friends or influence; you came to me without a single recommendation; I admitted you to my office without the money consideration usual in such cases, your confident manner and candid language in applying to me—and your very evident ability, clearly demonstrated in your first legal examination—were your only recommendation. In the course of four years you gradually assumed a part of my practice; and in consideration, first, of your great ability, and, secondly, of the fact that you had greatly aided to extend my practice, I voluntarily admitted you, without the money consideration usual in such cases, to a partnership in my business. I held at that time (as at this) the first position professionally in this circuit, and in admitting you to a partnership with me I gave you the half of what is generally considered to be the most lucrative practice in the State.

At the same time, six years ago, you entered my family to become in a great measure a part of it. Socially you were a part of it; and, as such, admitted not only to the best society of the town and the surrounding country, but what is much more in my eyes, into the love and confidence of my wife and myself—a participant in all our pleasures, and, what is a far greater proof in my eyes of our great affection for and confidence in you, a sharer in our grief and a trusted adviser in our troubles. To us both you became very near and dear; you took the place of our own lost boy, and we came to look upon you as a son indeed. How have you repaid this mistaken affection?

You found when you came to us our young daughter Minnie in the first bloom of girlhood, and you at twenty became her constant companion at thirteen. In the course of the six years that have passed you grew from a companion into a brother, then to something dearer, and for more than a year past, and until within the past three months, you were looked upon by all our mutual acquaintances, and by my wife and myself, as our daughter's accepted lover and future husband. You will perhaps argue as a cold-hearted knave would that there was no cause to think thus; perhaps not legally—I admit that in law my case has not a leg to stand on; but there is a higher law, a higher morality in life which you can not afford to offend, and in the eyes of that law you are as guilty as if you had asked me for my daughter and had then treated her in the cruel and unmanly manner of which you have been guilty. The justice which is finally meted out by society to all such offenders against it, will certainly overtake you some day. You will argue coldly, I doubt not, that Minnie had no reason to believe that you loved her and intended to marry her. Not your sworn assurance and promise perhaps; but every action on your part for years past has been taken as such assurance by society. You have monopolized her company in a manner indicative to all acquaintances of an existing engagement between you, and society, until the commencement of the present season, looked forward to the fulfillment of such engagement. That my daughter so hoped and wished, that she in fact loved and loves you devotedly is, I am only too sorry to state, only less certain than that you are a villain, Sir! a villain who has deliberately trifled with her affections!

The intention of discarding her became apparent some months since. It is noteworthy that the first evidences of coldness on your part were almost simultaneous with your good (or evil) fortune in falling heir to a very large property left you by an almost forgotten relation, and the appearance in Longwood society of Miss Millicent Murray of New York city. It was this fortune and this designing woman combined that has developed the fool and knave in you.

In order that there may be no misconception of my meaning I will specify some of the grossest of your offenses.

Millicent Murray is the daughter of my wife's half-sister. She came at the beginning of the present winter to spend the season with my daughter, bringing with her all the latest fashions which her father's rather meagre purse could allow, and a large amount of the small talk which it is her nature to indulge in. She had enough of liveliness of manner and style of appearance to set all Longwood talking of her wit and beauty, though any man of common-sense (no allusion to you, Sir!) could see that she had little of the plain, modest, and sensible manners or the good looks of my Minnie. Older than Minnie, certainly, and therefore with more assurance—perhaps more ease—in her manners, but not more modest, and to a man not already made a fool by his money not more charming than my daughter.

Artful and designing as she was she could conceal from no one but the simple subject of her arts the purpose she had formed to make a conquest of the rich young lawyer—the *talented* attorney, whose reputation has come to him almost as suddenly as his fortune; and it was not long before it was whispered that the new house you are building was destined, though not originally intended, for her. Most of your friends gave you too much credit for sagacity (not to speak of honesty) to suppose that you could be entrapped by so shallow a woman, but as I have said, fortune has made a fool of you. It only required the arts of a designing woman to complete the metamorphosis; you naturally fell into the snare, and the knavery of your nature was developed. From the first fortnight of her appearance in my house you allowed her to absorb your attention to the neglect of my daughter, to whom you had previously been so assiduously attentive that all her other young male acquaintances had in a great measure discontinued their visits. It was whispered among the young men that you had flirted Minnie. Men avoid "flirted" girls, and the visits of the young men are not yet resumed. Thus far you have wronged her. After a week or two you became the constant attendant of this thorough coquette; and yet you always contrived to have Minnie present at your interviews, a witness of your attentions to her—a captive at your chariot-wheels—a trophy of your first victory, and you persisted in parading her before your new attraction. It is that part of your baseness which makes me most indignant. The fact that you could thus deliberately wound a girl's feelings in the presence of a rival proves you most infamous. That my daughter should never, under these circumstances and insults, show her indignation and disdain, proves conclusively to every man of observation and knowledge of human character that she is of a most lovely disposition—in fact, little less than an angel!

A fortnight before Christmas the invitations of the annual Corporation ball were issued by the Mayor, and among others you and myself were invited. You extended an invitation to Miss Murray, as in courtesy no doubt you were bound to do. I have not the least objections to that; but I do object, and did at the time object, to the matter-of-course way in which you said, after the young lady had reluctantly, though very graciously, decided to do what she was most anxious to do:

"Of course, Minnie, you will go with us."

I was upon the point at the moment of informing you, in the quietest manner that I could in my indignation command, that my daughter would accompany her mother and myself, when I caught her mother's eye. My wife has a very effective eye—a genuine peace-maker—and I refrained, and postponed my rage until I was in a less angry mood. That mood has only come upon me now; at least, this is the first time my wife would consent to my speaking, or rather writing. Minnie, of course, assented.

"Oh, I shall be delighted," she said, "though I shall hardly have time to get ready, we have so much to do, helping Millicent with her new dress."

Now there was a little saint for you.

And you, like a cur, Sir, you had the impertinence to say that "no doubt Miss Murray would look most lovely." It was then, Sir, that the strength of the appealing eyes of Mrs. Stoddard was most severely tested. I choked my rage and set to thinking.

I had seen the plan you were pursuing from the first, and I had before concluded that the sooner all relation between you and Minnie ceased the better it would be for her. And thinking the ball might be made a convenience in effecting this, I told my wife to inform Minnie that I could not afford to give her a new dress for the ball of this season.

"Minnie," I heard her mother say to her next day, "your papa says he is a little embarrassed in money-matters at present, and that he can not give you a new dress for this ball. I know," she added, and I confess I blushed as she said it, "I know he never says what is not true, or refuses us any thing that he can spare."

And the little saint, after looking considerably discomfited for a moment—as what woman would not?—cheerfully replied:

"Oh, I'm sure, mamma, it isn't necessary at all; my old one will do—and then it isn't absolutely necessary that I should go at all. I shall not particularly enjoy it."

But it was finally concluded that she should go, and that she should wear her ball-dress of last season. Miss Murray ridiculed the idea, not very energetically, however, and it finally resulted in Minnie's dressing in a plain, old-fashioned style, while Miss Murray appeared ready in the parlor arrayed in most gorgeous satin and diamonds. I had hoped that you, on entering the parlor after the completion of their toilets, would object to being seen with a young lady so shabbily attired as my daughter; but you had enough sense left to avoid comment on her appearance, or you saw that, plain as was her attire, she was far superior in beauty to her gaudily-dressed neighbor. When you entered the room you brought two bouquets, one of white and exquisitely-scented flowers, and the other composed of different colors, and evidently inferior to the other in beauty. With a courtly speech of commonplace flattery you handed the white flowers to Miss Murray; and with an offensively intimate, matter-of-course manner, and a very few words, offered the other to Minnie.

She took them with a gentle grace, quietly thanking you, while Millicent overwhelmed you with thanks and praise.

"Minnie," she said, "let me see if I do not like yours best. I suppose I can have which I like best, Mr. Dodge?"

"I dare say Miss Stoddard will not object to give you hers, if you prefer it," you said, as if half offended; "but I think I have chosen the best for you."

Here was an opportunity for Minnie to cut you dead by saying she did not care for either; but she only said in her sweetest manner, and like a little lady that she is:

"The white one will match your dress, Millicent, with its white ornaments, and it is much the prettiest."

"Well, if it is the prettiest, I will keep it," said the unamiable coquette, "and the red roses will do best with your old dress, dear, will they not?"

"Only a year old," said Minnie, smiling, for she saw her mamma was deeply hurt that the fact should be brought so prominently and needlessly before your notice; "and it is almost as good as new."

"Fancy!" cried Millicent; "hear her, Mr. Dodge, she says the dress she wore at the last corporation ball is as good as new."

"Why did you not have a new dress?" you asked, as you had no business to do.

"Papa had other needs for his money this year," said Minnie, "and thought my dress would do."

"Oh nonsense!" cried Millicent, "as if my papa was not always making the same outcry. I tell him I must have money, and I always get what I want."

There was more of this stupid conversation which you remember, and which it is unnecessary to the proper comprehension of this statement that I should give. Suffice that the remainder as well as what I have quoted only serves to reveal the amiability of my daughter, the unamiability of her companion, and your dullness.

You soon left with the two girls, and I followed with Mrs. Stoddard. Of all the aristocracy of Longwood and its neighborhood, assembled in the large dancing-room at the Masonic Hall, not one looked handsomer than Minnie dressed in her last year's dress—which, by-the-by, no one remembered except a few who secretly respected her for wearing it. I was not so indifferent to what was going on as I pretended, but deemed her happiness so precious to me, and my dear child so far above all price, that, if a word could have recalled you from your infatuation for the brazen woman whom you so closely attended, I would not have uttered it.

Naturally Minnie did not attract much attention from the young men present. There were some contemptible fellows who looked upon her appearance in the plain old dress as sure indication of her father's embarrassment. Some avoided her as a "flirted" young woman, but there were others still who believed she was affianced to you, and while they blushed at the manner in which you neglected her, still declined to offer attentions the acceptability of which they doubted.

But while she sat neglected beside her mother and myself you were dancing and flirting with Miss Murray—so persistently, indeed, as to prevent the attentions of other gentlemen. This was certainly noble conduct on your part.

Presently I saw you and your partner leave the waltz and come up to us, Miss Murray laughing and holding up her beautiful dress and displaying a long rent in it.

Again you spoke in that matter of course way which is to me so offensive when addressed to a lady, that tone as if you addressed Miss Murray's hired companion.

"Miss Stoddard," you said, "Miss Murray needs you. She has torn her dress. Do you mind coming to the cloak-room to mend it?"

Though it was said in the tone which implies that all the world must give way to the speaker, Minnie did not lose her temper, little saint that she is.

"Certainly," she responded, and she rose and took your arm and accompanied you to the cloak-room, and, on her knees, played the seamstress to her rival, while you stood above her and poured your stupid flattery in the ears of the smiling coquette.

A "wall flower" Minnie remained nearly to the end of the evening, but a demure and pleasant one, never once losing her temper. She danced but once. It was with you, I give you credit for that much decency. And when you asked her she quietly accepted, never once showing pique or taking advantage of the opportunity you gave her of showing to the whole company the contempt she ought to feel for you.

I can not stop to enumerate the series of indignities of this character which you have heaped upon her during the month or more since the ball. They were gross and oft-repeated offenses, each one of which ought to have long since been resented. But Mrs. Stoddard has in each instance prevented the outbreak which must now ensue. During my absence of the past week these offenses have been renewed, and you have finally capped the climax by insisting that my daughter shall accompany you and Miss Murray to visit your new house—just finished and furnished. Patience has ceased to be a virtue. This last insult is unbearable. Miss Murray could not of course go with you alone, so you asked my daughter to go as a companion to her. When you shall have returned my daughter to this roof expect no more to see her. I give you notice that henceforth and forever you must be a stranger to me and my family.

Henry Stoddard.

Longwood, *February* 15, 1868.

INDORSEMENT BY MR. DODGE.

"Respectfully returned," as they used to say in the army. My dear old partner should not let his angry passions rise and call ugly names in the manner herein displayed. However, I forgive him and hope he will get over my cruel treatment of his "dear little saint." That is not, however, one of the names to which I have objected. Miss Stoddard is undoubtedly of a very lovely disposition—I suggest to my good friend and reverenced partner that she forms in this regard an admirable example for him, and one worthy of his closest imitation. Not only that Miss Stoddard is a sensible young woman, as will be proven by the accompanying memorandum indorsed hereon, not, I am forced to say, in the most admirable legal style, but certainly couched in terms which I trust will convince Mr. Stoddard that for my cruel and ungenerous conduct, hereby fully admitted and confessed, I was not wholly to blame. Respectfully,

Nathaniel Dodge.

MEMORANDUM BY MISS STODDARD.

Dear Papa,—Do not be angry with Mr. Dodge. There is *some* excuse for his conduct, though he *has* nearly broken my poor heart.

This morning he came to me and said, "I have a great favor to ask of you, Minnie. Will you grant it?"

I was, of course, very glad to promise him that I would if I could.

"My new house is finished, and Millicent is very anxious to see it." I know I winced and blushed at this, and he must have seen it, but I said nothing. "And I am anxious that she should examine and be pleased with it. Of course she can not visit it alone, and if you will kindly go—"

I did not interrupt him; he stopped without finishing the sentence, and I was only too glad to promise him, and then escape from the room and hide my feelings.

Mr. Dodge came for us at the time appointed with Cousin Millicent, and we all three bundled into the carriage, and drove to the new house. The house is very beautiful, as you know, and we were a long hour and more examining it. We had gone from parlor to garret, examining all the rooms (except one, which Mr. Dodge kept locked, and which he said he was furnishing according to his own taste, and which no lady had yet seen), when a servant came to say a lunch had been set for us, and we repaired to the dining-room. I was not hungry, and did not at all feel like eating, but Millicent insisted, and as I had come as a sort of duenna, to look after her safety, and preserve her character, I accompanied them to the dining-room.

"Miss Murray," said Mr. Dodge, when we had entered, with a significantly-courtly air, which, I confess, made me nervous, "may I beg you to do me the honor to fill the place of the hostess?"

"Oh, delighted!" she exclaimed, and he seated her at the head of the table.

"She would grace the head of the table nicely, Minnie, would she not?" he said, turning to me.

"Oh! a charming hostess!" I managed to reply; and indeed she did look beautiful, bending over the handsome urn, and pouring us coffee.

When we had finished the lunch I proposed, as there was nothing more to see, that we should return home.

"Oh yes, there is," said Mr. Dodge. "I have something particularly to show *you*, Minnie, if Miss Murray will excuse you. I fear she might not forgive me if I were to show it to her."

"Oh no," she answered; "I am already dying to know what it is."

"After Minnie," he said; "only one can see it at a time. I am sure *she* will not misunderstand me, while you, whom I have known so little, might be offended; but if she thinks it advisable, then you too shall see it."

"And what am I to do in the mean time?"

"Here are the parlors; pray look again at the pictures." And he showed her into the parlors.

"Jenny," he said, turning to the servant who had served lunch, "have you opened the room?"

"Yes, Sir," answered the servant.

"Come, Minnie," he then said to me, offering his arm. "I want to show you the handsomest room in the house."

"The unfinished one?" I asked.

"There is one article only lacking."

"And pray what is that?"

"I hardly know what to call it. I have heard it called by every name imaginable—a sewing-machine" (we had mounted the stairs), "man's comforter, soother, companion, nurse" (he threw open the door of the mysterious room which we had not previously seen, and as he did so he added), "but I want to call it wife."

It was a beautiful sitting-room, with every modern appliance, even to a sewing-machine!

"You see what the room is intended for," he said, when he found I did not answer. "A lady's sitting-room, as you see. I had intended that the first lady that should look into it should be the one who had promised to be its occupant, but I felt anxious to know first if you thought my wife could be happy here."

"That depends—" I answered, trying to keep up my courage and dissemble my feelings.

"On what?"

"Whether or not she loves you and is loved."

"And that you of all women know best and can best tell me."

"I!"

"Yes, you. She may doubt now that I love her, as I have long feared she may; but I have hoped against all hope that she loves me. I have long felt I could not do without her, and have tried in every way to discover that her love for me is as strong as that which I bear her. I have every confirmation but the confession, and that I hardly dare—I fear even yet to ask, lest I find that in endeavoring to test her affection I have destroyed it. You did love me once, Minnie?" And as he uttered these unexpected words he took my hand in his, and his right arm was around me. I dared not speak, and only looked up in his face with an expression half of astonishment, half of reproach, for I could not yet believe that this was not a part of the horrible ordeal through which I had been passing.

"This room, Minnie," he resumed at length, "was built for you, and you only. You only have seen it—you only shall occupy it."

"But Millicent?" I managed to stammer.

"Millicent cares nothing for me, and I care nothing for her. She is ever ready to flirt with any one; and seeing that, I have made her unwittingly an instrument in carrying out a scheme which my jealous nature suggested to test thoroughly your love and disposition."

"A cruel trick."

"I know it was, my love, but I would never have been satisfied to marry you if I had not thus thoroughly proved to my own satisfaction that you are the sweetest, most amiable, and—shall I say—loving nature in the world!"

I hope, dear papa, you won't think hard of him. I have already forgiven him for his cruelty, which he promises he will never repeat; and if you do not seriously object, and are not too bitterly angry at him, I am going soon to occupy the beautiful sitting-room at his new house.

CHARLES JAMES FOX AS A GAMBLER.

Charles James Fox, the great English orator, enlightened statesman, and reckless man of pleasure, was a most reckless gambler, and spent half his wasted life knee-deep in cards at Brookes's Club. He used to say that the greatest pleasure in existence was winning at hazard, and the next greatest pleasure losing at hazard. Mr. Thackeray says he squandered $1,000,000 at play. Gibbon tells us of Fox once playing for twenty-two hours at a sitting, and losing about $2500 an hour. Unlike tall, thin, ascetic Pitt, who liked his bottle of port but despised "the devil's picture-books," Fox had a broad chest, and was a disorderly lion of a man capable of vast physical exertion. The fascinations of chance, and the semi-intellectual character of whist and piquet, had won his heart, and his fidelity to the green cloth was unwavering. At those games, into which he could throw his robust mind, Fox was so pre-eminent that it is said he might, if he had restricted himself to them, and avoided the dealers, have drawn a sum of $20,000 a year from his card-purse alone. But at hazard he lost hatfuls of money. Of course he won occasionally: once, it is said, $25,000 at a sitting, part of which he instantly paid away to his ravenous creditors. With the money left from these harpies and jackals Fox returned, sat down again at the fatal green cloth, and soon lost his spoils to those from whom he had won it half an hour before. How could such a desperado at cards rule a nation, or oust cold, cautious Mr. Pitt, whose whole life was one long restless fever of ambition? Yet so stalwart was the Titan of Brookes's that he has been known to play, thoughtless, hour after hour, and then stride off to the House to pour forth one of the most fervid of his generous speeches.

Dr. Johnson's friend, Topham Beauclerk, left Fox one morning after a long night at the gaming-table. Fox was almost mad at his losses; he was miserable, hopeless, and dangerously despondent. Beauclerk, the next day early, went to call on him, feeling alarmed and anxious at his broken spirits; to his surprise he found his burly friend comfortably stretched on a sofa, reading the *Æneid*.

"What would you have me do, my dear Topham?" he said; "I've lost my last shilling."

Had it not been for his privilege as a member of the House, Fox would have been half his life playing at piquet in prison. So thoughtless and good-humored was Fox, that when his brother's house was on fire he offered to bet the noble owner which beam, which chimney, or which partition would first fall to the ground; a magnanimity as great as that of Sheridan, who, when his theatre was burned down, sat down and had his bottle at an adjacent tavern, saying to wonderers: "Mayn't a man take a glass of wine by his own fireside?"

It was to the misdirected affection of his father, Lord Holland (a theorist on education), that Fox owed the first development of his taste for gambling. When only fourteen he went to Spa, where his father allowed the precocious unchecked boy to squander five guineas every night at hazard. On leaving Oxford to make the grand tour he grew still more reckless about money, and ran into debt at Naples alone to the amount of $80,000, though he was only entitled to $20,000 a year at his father's death. The man never shook off the vice that the boy had unhappily acquired. There can be little doubt that Fox's incessant pecuniary difficulties led him into many of those political inconsistencies which his truest friends lamented, and for which his enemies bitterly reproached him. He was compelled to think of place when he should have thought only of principle. These difficulties, which were his special snare, were chiefly the result of gambling and that indolent neglect which blunted his faculties, dulled his ambition, and made his life a wasted one.

We have so many authentic records of Fox's behavior and conversation that we can almost photograph him as he sits at the card-table at Brookes's. "The champion of the people" was heavy and silent till the wine grew low in the bottle. He then woke up to silence the room with the sustained thunder of his Cyclopean laugh. Full of radiant good-nature, he thoroughly appreciated the wit of Sheridan and Selwyn; and Sheridan never exerted himself so much as when Fox was present. Burke speaks highly of Fox's lovable ways; and Rogers, who never praised too much, expresses admiration for his fine tact and feeling, his open, gentlemanlike manner, so full of candor and diffidence, and the ardor and interest with which he always plunged into conversation.

Walpole, walking up St. James's Street in the June of 1781, saw a cart and porters removing furniture from Fox's lodgings. He had had a run of luck, and those carrion-crows his creditors had gathered thick round the carcass. Half an hour after this, whom should Walpole find sauntering past the same spot but Fox, who came up and talked to him with perfect *sang-froid* about the Marriage Bill. At this sale of Fox's library the first volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" was put up and sold for three guineas. It had been presented by the author to Fox, and the English Demosthenes had written on the fly-leaf the following note:

"The author at Brookes's said there was no salvation for the country till six heads of principal persons in the administration were laid on the table. Eleven days later the same gentleman accepted the place of Lord of Trade under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since."

Lord Tankerville assured the poet Rogers that Fox once played cards with General Fitzpatrick at Brookes's from ten o'clock at night till six o'clock the next afternoon, a waiter standing by to tell them whose deal it was, as the two combatants were too sleepy to know.

Fox once won $40,000; a bond creditor instantly presented himself and demanded payment.

"No," said Fox, "I first discharge my debts of honor."

The creditor remonstrated. Fox then threw the bond into the fire.

"Now," said he, "your debt is a debt of honor," and paid the astonished man.

Fox used very often, after many hours of play, to retain his seat, but lay his head on the table, and instantly fall asleep, exhausted in mind and body.

One night at Brookes's Fox quarreled with Adams, whom he had teased about the badness of the government powder. Fox refused to stand sideways, saying, "He was as thick one way as the other." Adams fired, and hit his adversary in the groin, but Fox would not return the shot: as they advanced to shake hands Fox said, "Adams, you'd have killed me if it had not been government powder."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

What are the Flies for?—Our Philosopher believes that, after years of reflection, he has solved this problem. They are to make us grateful; for—consider—they might have been mosquitoes!

"**Special Pleaders**"—Woman's tears.

TRANSPARENT FOLLY.

A too fond lover said to a beautiful lass,
"Your name on the window I'll write as I pass."
Said the maiden, "If so, you will never be mine,
My papa will so quickly *see through* your design."

Motto for the Reprieved—"No noose is good news."

The other day, when the New York mail-bag was opened at New Bedford, a good-sized kitten jumped out. There was no stamp on the animal, showing that the New York post-office clerks are not so watchful as they should be.

The most effective Eye-water—Woman's tears.

The foreman of a job office of a St. Louis paper turned out the whole edition of a pamphlet on the "Life and Assassination of Abraham Lincoln," with the startling caption: "The Life and Assignations of Abraham Lincoln." The blunder is understood to have cost him his place.

THE MODERN EVE.

From Adam a *rib* was cut *off*,
For Eve, without any demur,
And most surely the Eve of to-day
A *rib-on* would greatly prefer.

A "**Draw-Back**"—A blister!

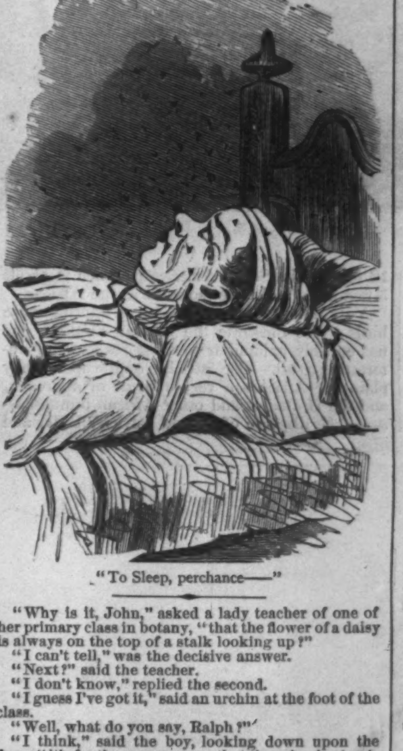
At a collection lately made at a charity fair a young lady offered the plate to a rich man who was noted for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was his curt answer. "Then take something," she replied. "You know I am begging for the poor."

If you wish to know what you should do,
With the mercury at ninety-two,
Sit right down in your cushioned pew,
With the cool air drawing freshly through,
And put your feet up on the seat,
And lean your body in manner meet,
Then fix your eyes on the parson's face,
As if you'd note his word of grace;
But the sound of his voice is all you hear,
That comes like a hum to your Sunday ear.
Make no effort to catch his theme,
'Tis a murmur of waters afar, you deem;
Then, as its drone on your ear doth sweep,
Drop off gently, calmly to sleep;
And the preacher will vow as he sees you there,
With your solemn and very reverent air,
That of all his flock that are based on rock,
He hasn't another like you, old cock!

A clergyman, catechising the youth of his church, put the first question from a catechism to a girl: "What is your consolation in life and in death?" The girl smiled, but did not answer. The clergyman insisted. "Well, then," said she, "since I must tell, it is a young printer named F——, in H—— Street."

A CRUSTY OLD BACHELOR.

At misses and their *missteries*
How gayly do I laugh?
I won't leave cozy *quarters* yet
For any *better half*.



"To Sleep, perchance——"

"Why is it, John," asked a lady teacher of one of her primary class in botany, "that the flower of a daisy is always on the top of a stalk looking up?"

"I can't tell," was the decisive answer.

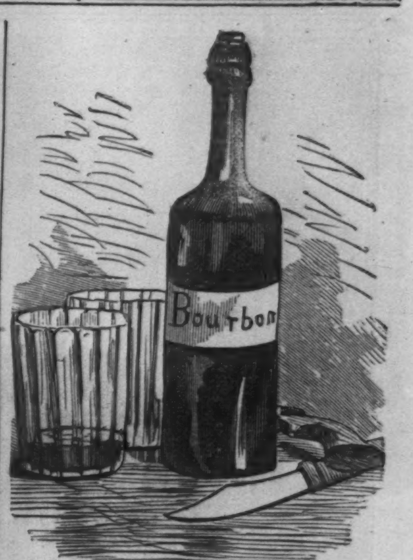
"Next?" said the teacher.

"I don't know," replied the second.

"I guess I've got it," said an urchin at the foot of the class.

"Well, what do you say, Ralph?"

"I think," said the boy, looking down upon the floor, "it's for the same reason that the school-marm's waterfall is always on the top of a stalk looking up—*'cause it's the fashion!*"



Spirit(s) of the Democratic Party.

"Owing to the peculiar arrangement of the programme no piece can be repeated," was the answer White received from his landlady upon asking for a second piece of pie at dinner.

RULES FOR GENTLEMEN IN BOARDING-HOUSES.

1. Never use a scraper or door-mat for a boarding-house. This is only necessary in entering private houses. When you pass up and down the stairs, or are in your own rooms, you are at full liberty to expectorate tobacco juice; also, you should throw about your clothes in every direction. These things will show that you have a manly indifference to trifles that "women worry about," and it also will keep the servants busy.

2. Make as much noise as possible in slamming the front-door, stamping through the hall and on the stairs, whistling, etc., especially if late, and others have retired; and be sure when you take off your boots to dash them on the floor with a will. This will prove beyond a doubt that you belong to that cultivated class so justly styled "Young America."

3. If an elderly lady or gentleman board in the house, always speak of them as the "Old Lady," or the "Old Gentleman." Treating the aged with respect will make you a laughing-stock, so don't attempt it. Spirited young gentlemen should teach "old fogies" the superiority of youth to age, and the deference due to their opinion.

4. If there are children in the house, express at all times your detestation of them. This will make you popular with the young misses. When the boys of the present generation arrive at manhood we can easily imagine how very unsuitable that song will be to their feelings—

"I wish I were a boy again!"

"Do you observe how devotional Deacon Buffet is?" asked a good lady of her husband. "Yes, my dear, the Deacon is very devotional. He always keeps his head bowed in prayer till the contribution-box has passed."

Infatuation.—A farmer in New Jersey has astonished all his friends lately by "growing" fat.

An old bachelor, who had become melancholy and poetical, wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the hope that the time would soon come when he should

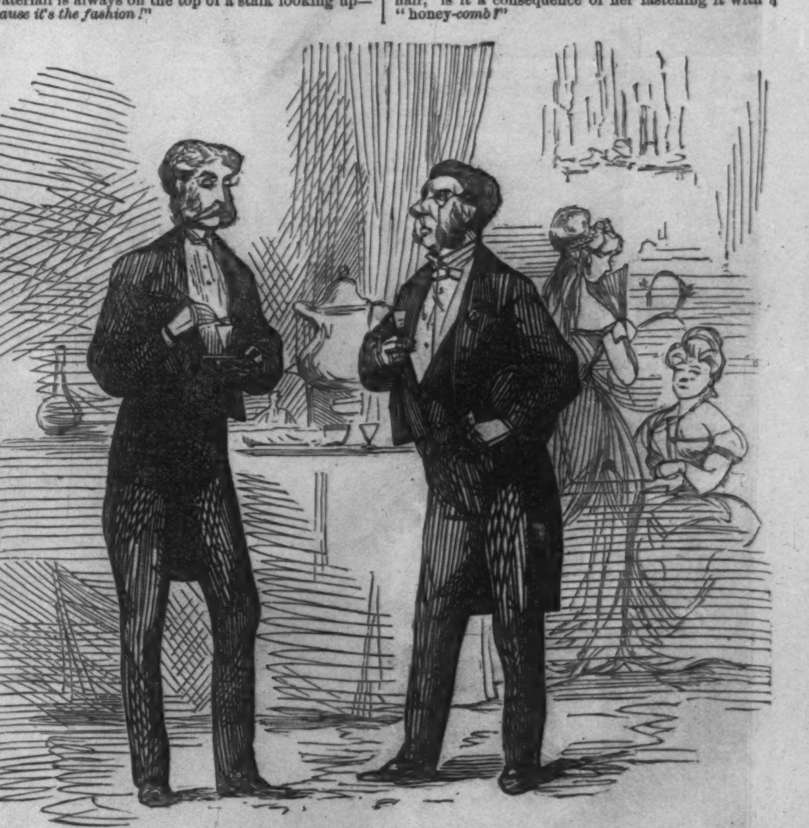
"Rest calmly within a shroud,
With a weeping willow by my side."

But to his inexpressible horror it came out in print,

"When I shall rest calmly within a shawl,
With a weeping widow by my side."

The man who is indifferent to temperature may be said to "blow" hot and cold.

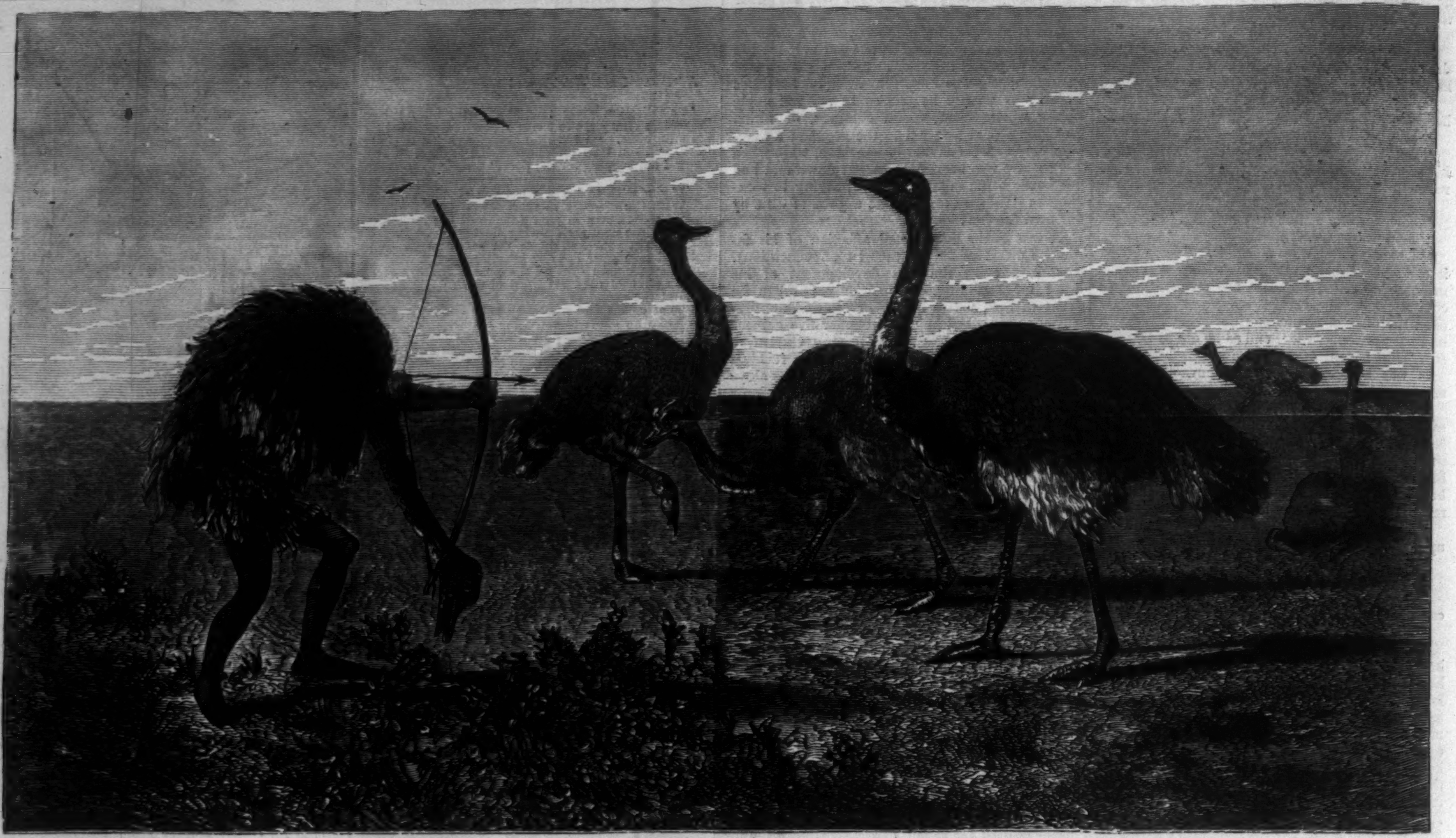
Possibly.—When a young lady has very "sweet hair," is it a consequence of her fastening it with a "honey-*comb*?"



LETTING HIM DOWN GENTLY.

Podgers. "D' see the Lovely Creature I Danced last Galop with?"

Smith. "Oh yes—know her very well. Married to a confoundedly Jealous Fellow, who insists upon her Dancing with the *Plainest Men* in the room!"



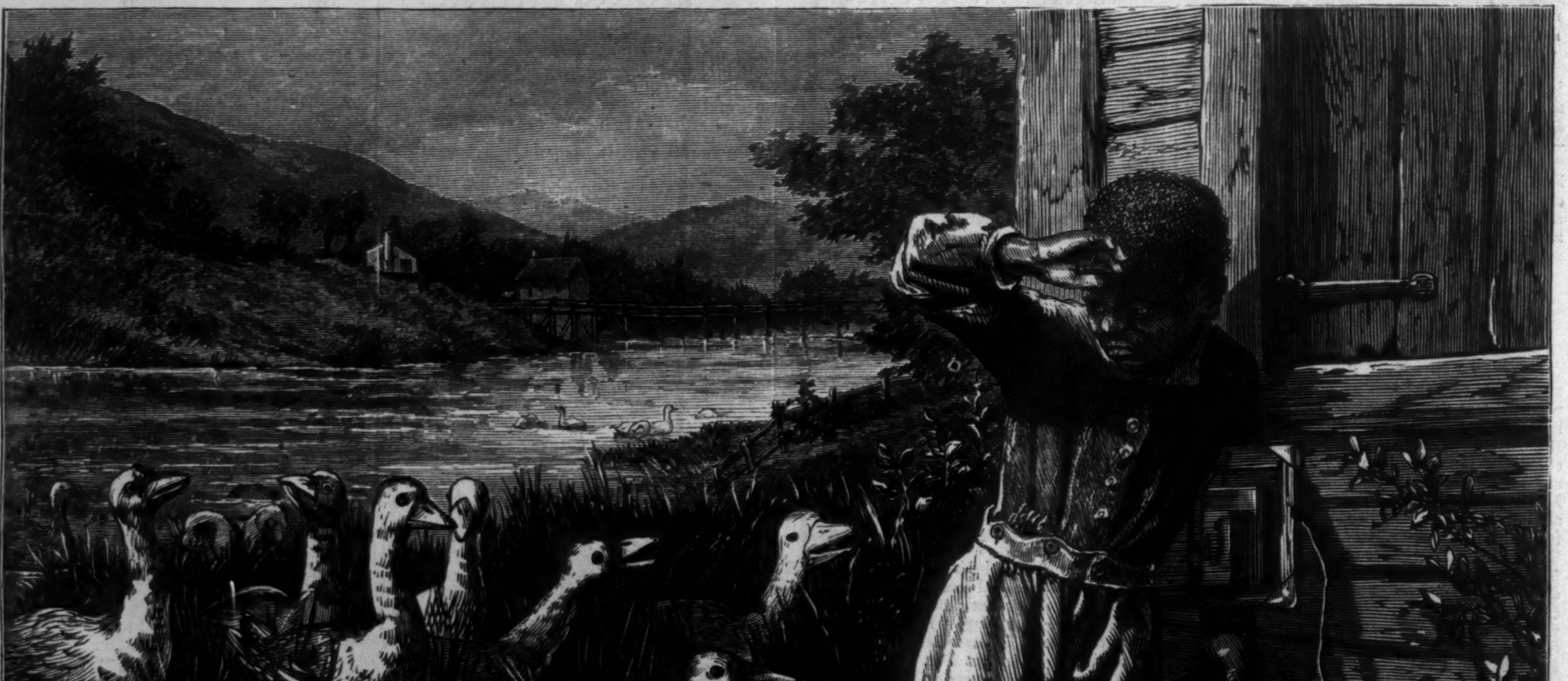
OSTRICH HUNTING.

OSTRICH HUNTING.

The ostrich is the largest of birds at present in existence, and it was excelled in former geological epochs only by the *dinornis*, and similar members of the family *Strathionidæ*, now extinct. The African ostrich stands 7 or 8 feet high, weighs from 80 to 100 pounds, steps from 2 to 2½ feet, and strides, when pursued, about 12 feet. The South American ostrich is about 5 feet high, and is not so swift as the African.

Very different are the modes of hunting these birds. We illustrate the African method, one not entirely unfamiliar to most readers, but interesting to all. The ostriches on the open sandy plains of Africa are very difficult of approach, and the Hottentot and other African hunters assume the disguise of a dead ostrich's body, and thus succeed in approaching the birds while feeding on the plains. The South American mode of hunting them is very interesting. General Kilpatrick, our Minister to Chile, lately engaged in an ostrich hunt on the pampas of the Argentine Confederacy. He was assisted by a whole regiment of Argentine cavalry, and accompanied by Mr. Samuel M. Carpenter, a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who gave a most graphic and entertaining account of the hunt. He states that the chief weapon with which the regiment of hunters was armed is known as the *bola*, and he thus describes it:

"It is unnecessary to enter into any explanation of the use of the lasso, but the *bola* is a weapon with which very few are familiar. It consists of three thongs of rawhide, about a yard long, small, strong, and flexible, united at one end, and each having at the other extremity a round stone about the size of a tur-



PREJUDICE.

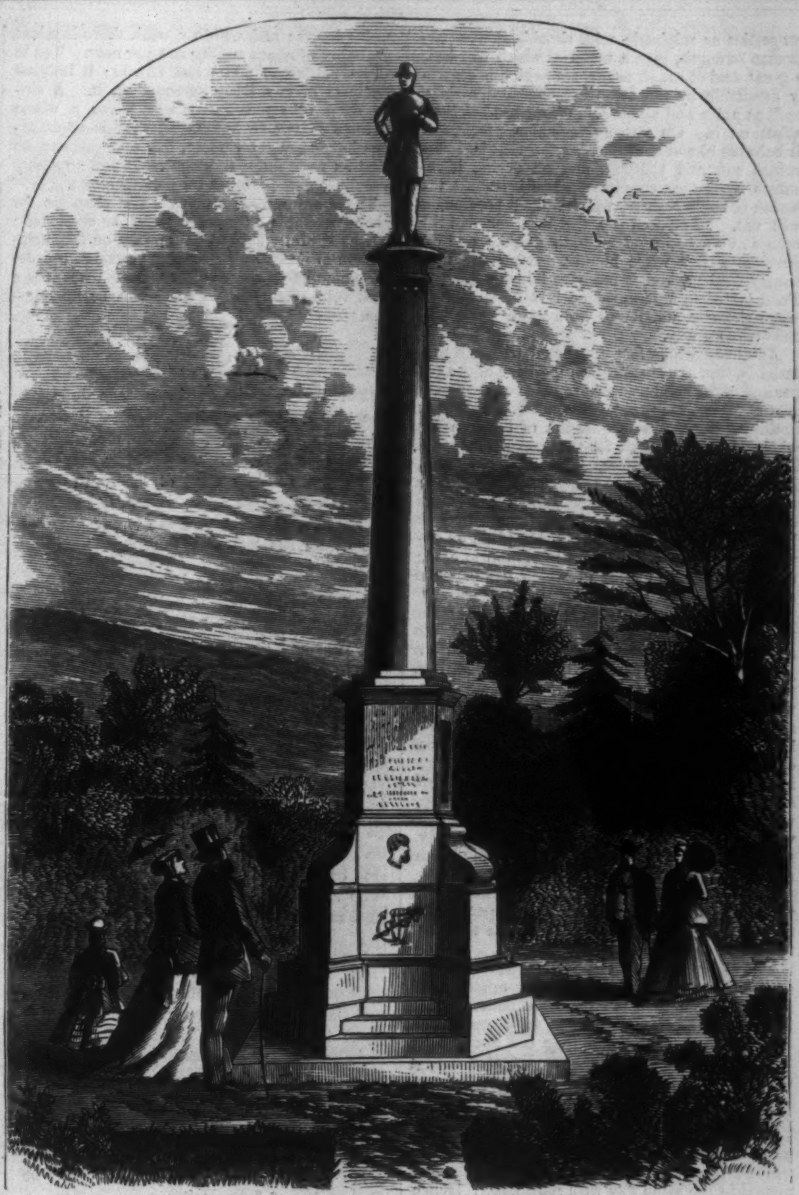
"What! won't these stupid White Geese even let me go to School without hissing and biting at me?"

key's egg, inclosed in a thin rawhide covering. The horseman takes one of these stones in his right hand, gathers up the thong until he can start the *bola* whirling above his head, and when it has attained sufficient velocity lets go in a manner that sends the *bola* revolving horizontally through the air, like a three-spoked wheel. One hundred yards is not considered too long a distance for a man on horseback to throw at an object, and although the pursued and pursuer may be running at full speed, the *bola* seldom fails of winding round the animal and stopping its flight. As we were riding to the hunting ground a large white heron rose from the river bank and crossed the road about fifty yards ahead of our column, flying some thirty feet high. I heard a horse gallop up behind me, something whizzed over our heads, and the *bola* of one of the servants struck the heron, winding round and round its body and wings, bringing it helpless to the ground. These things are used also in taking wild horses and cattle; but for such purposes wooden balls instead of stones are used, so as not to injure the animal's limbs. I have seen a wild horse that was frantically galloping off caught around the legs at the first throw of the *bola*, and after a fruitless attempt to kick loose fall down completely entangled by the thongs.

"The hunt was commenced by the party or regiment forming in a semicircle, and moving forward to scour the pampas. We had advanced about a mile, driving before us foxes, hares, and other animals, to which we paid no attention, when I suddenly heard a shout on the left flank, and saw what at first struck me as being a twenty-inch shot with a long handle going through the bushes ahead, right across my front. Away I went, with half a dozen others, in pursuit; but the ostrich left us far behind in an instant, and we lost sight of him until a few moments later, when he struck the right flank of our semicircle, and was turned back in the centre again. The hunt now became exciting. We soon had a dozen ostriches within our lines, and the bugle was sounded to close in. The extremities, about two miles apart, soon united, and, as we closed up, every one had to be on the alert to prevent the ostriches from darting through the intervals. At length a great rush was made with revolvers, lassos, and *bolas*; and after half an hour of racing, shouting, and ground-and-lofty tumbling, we succeeded in rallying the party again with ten splendid ostriches captured. Three times the semicircle was formed, and at three o'clock, after having ridden over more than fifty miles, we arrived at camp again with thirty ostrich-skins, several live young ones, and a number of animals picked up on the way home."

CHELSEA SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

We illustrate on this page another of the many monuments which are being erected throughout the country to the memory of the soldiers and sailors who fell in defense of the country during the late rebellion. This beautiful Monument, the design of which it is not necessary to explain, as it can be fully seen in the illustration, has been erected at Chelsea, Massachusetts, during the present year, the expense being defrayed by voluntary contributions from the grateful people.



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, CHELSEA, MASSACHUSETTS.

SALT-MINES IN LOUISIANA.

A ride across a beautiful prairie from New Iberia toward the Gulf of Mexico takes the traveler to the Isle Petite Auce, the plantation of Judge Avery. It is a beautiful bit of rolling country, rising out of the lagoons and prairies around it like a piece of New England dropped there by mistake. In sugar and cotton its productiveness is very great; as also in the matter of snakes, alligators, and mosquitoes, in which latter it is extremely rich; but its crowning glory—pending the discovery of petroleum, of which there are good signs—is the salt-mines which were discovered at a time when the South, by the destruction of the salt-works along the coast and in Virginia, was almost at a stand-still for want of that article. A negro digging a well struck the deposit, which is a splendid article of rock-salt, perfectly pure and of immense extent. It was *placered* among the States, the different pits being designated by the names of the States for whose use they were sunk.

Since the close of the war a Northern company has leased the mines for a rent of $20,000 a year, and placed them under the charge of Colonel Greenleaf, of New Hampshire.

The sketch shows the principal opening and works as they appeared in May, 1866.

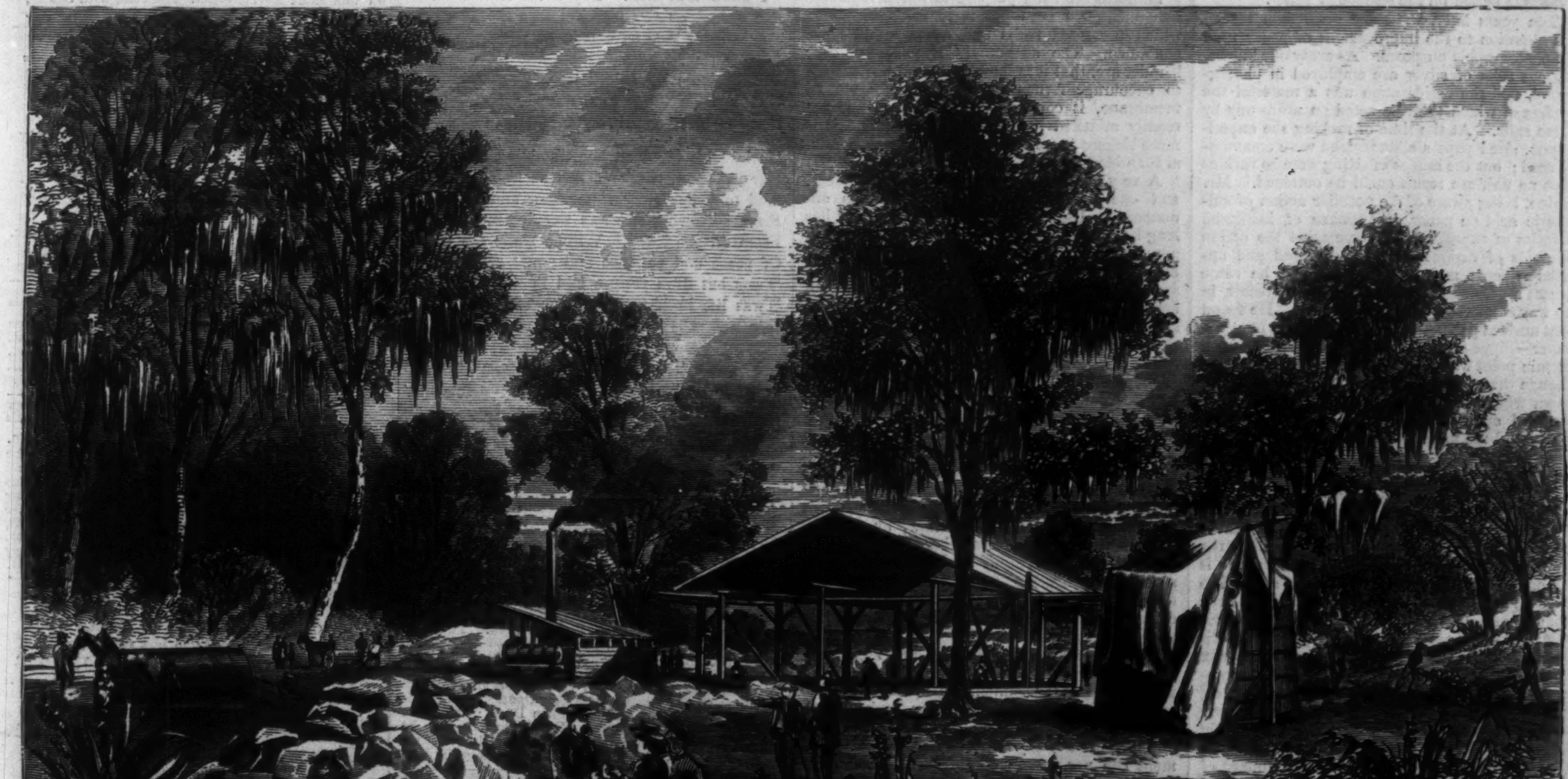
DOWN WITH THE DIVERS.

Interest has lately been attracted to diving operations generally by the romantic story of the attempts to recover the wreck of the British frigate *Hussar*, lost with an immense treasure on board, in Long Island Sound during the Revolution of 1775. The history of the wreck is not stranger than the account of the diving apparatus and the experiences of the divers; and as the efforts to recover this treasure have resulted in the invention of a new and improved diving-bell we give an illustration and full account of both story and experiments.

The frigate *Hussar* was lost on the night of November 25, 1780, while trying to escape the French fleet, which was entering the Narrows, by going through Hell Gate and the Sound out to sea. But she struck on one of the rocks in the Hell Gate passage, which are yet so troublesome to New York commerce, and sunk after sailing a mile further.

The officers and crew were saved, but their effects, and the immense treasure on board (amounting to some 900,000 guineas), and about 80 prisoners (Americans), manacled, were carried down with the ship. The vessel was allowed to remain as she sunk until 1794, in which year the British Government sent over two brigs; but after two years of fruitless labor the attempt to raise the wreck was abandoned for the time. A second attempt was made by the British Government to recover the treasure in 1819, but the American Government interposed, and commanded those laboring in the interest of the English Government to desist, very properly regarding all British vessels then in our waters as prizes of war. At different periods afterward attempts were made to raise the wreck, and secure the moneys, by American wreckers, but all proved futile. At length, in 1848, the "Frigate Hussar Company" formed, and every summer since the vessel is daily visited by the submarine operators. The treasure remains, however, undiscovered; but two of the decks have been removed, twenty-seven of the guns raised, also between 3000 and 4000 of the cannon-balls. Swords belonging to the officers, and a number of guineas—supposed also to be their property—were found in the cabin. Bottles containing liquor have been from time to time taken up. Manacles, with pieces of bone attached, have likewise been obtained. The recovery of these articles, however, has not inured to the pecuniary advantage of the Company, but their recovery has demonstrated beyond question that the exact location of the wreck is known.

While these investigations were progressing, inventors occupied themselves in endeavors to improve apparatus for the purpose of making submarine explorations, and in 1866 Mr. William Monk Storm obtained a patent at Washington for what he calls the "Improved Submarine Explorer." Admiral Farragut indorsed



SALT-MINES ON ISLE PETITE AUCE, LOUISIANA.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

it; **William W. W. Wood**, a chief engineer of the United States Navy, spoke of it in approving terms, as also Mr. **Sackersdorf**, the engineer of the New York Street Department. This new explorer is 10.6 feet in height, and terminates in a cone, has a diameter of 9 feet, and weighs 32,000 pounds, and gives a space of 204 cubic feet for the three or four men who may be working in it; contains 135 cubic feet of compressed air; has two cylinders, each two feet in diameter for compressed air, which give buoyancy to the bell, and enable the operator to regulate its movements in conjunction with a water-ballast capacity of 109 cubic feet.

It is with this diving-bell that the experiments are now being made in the manner which we illustrate on page 533. On the occasion of our artist's visit fifteen minutes were occupied in making the descent of 70 feet, and a like time in coming to the surface, after the men had remained on the wreck one hour. They brought up with them a bag of dirt, which, upon being washed through a sieve, yielded some fragments of iron, a few small stones, recognized as what is known to seamen as English shore ballast, and the flint of an old-fashioned musket. The men also reported that they twice struck the wood of the ship, about ten feet from where they went down.

THE MUSTACHE QUESTION.

The mustache question has been once more mooted at the French bar, and a young advocate has undertaken to prove to the judge—who at first refused to hear him because he appeared with this natural ornament—that there exists no formal binding prescription against the display of this badge of manhood by the members of the bar in France. We believe that the question has been settled in England in favor of liberty, but the option has not been often made use of. Even clergymen, when the mustache movement was first set agoing by Mr. Charles Dickens, were seen braving prejudice in favor of physiology, and looking, it must be owned, very wolfish shepherds. This reminds us of an anecdote we heard in Germany, of a student in theology who appeared before the examiner, after having waited an unconscionable time for admission, bearded like a pard. The learned examiner fell back astonished, exclaiming, "A *theology* with a beard!" "A beard!" cried the student, with an air of equal astonishment, and putting his hand up to his face; "Bless me, why it must have grown while I have been waiting in the ante-room!"

VEGETABLE PARCHMENT.

As long ago as the year 1841, a civil engineer, William Edward Gaine by name, conceived the idea of manufacturing tracing-paper without the employment of any oily matter. Such paper would present certain advantages over the ordinary tracing-paper which engineers and others use in preparing maps and plans. In the course of his experiments Mr. Gaine discovered that a powerful acid, called sulphuric acid, has a remarkable action on the surface of paper.

Ten years later, the same gentleman turned his attention to the improvement of paper used for photographic purposes. As every one knows, various salts of silver are employed in photography, and the desideratum was a material the surface of which shall be acted on uniformly by these salts. At the time of making the experiments, sized papers albumenized were commonly used; but the modes of sizing were so various that no uniform result could be obtained. Mr. Gaine, being aware of the peculiar action of sulphuric acid on paper, just spoken of, instituted a series of experiments to determine the action of acids of various strengths on sized and unsized papers; and while so engaged he came across a very singular and unexpected result, in no way connected with photography. He found that unsized paper—familiarly known as blotting-paper—dipped into sulphuric acid diluted to a certain point with water, undergoes a remarkable change throughout its whole texture. Blotting-paper which has been thus treated has much the outward appearance of membrane, and it has therefore been named vegetable parchment.

In order to insure this remarkable conversion of blotting-paper (technically called *water-leaf*) into vegetable parchment, many precautions are requisite. In the first place, when sulphuric acid and water are mixed together great heat is evolved, through what is called in chemistry the affinity these liquids have for each other. It is important that the mixture should be allowed to cool before the water-leaf is dipped. The large amount of heat generated when strong sulphuric acid and water are mixed, gave rise to an accident during the early attempts at manufacture. One of the workmen incautiously mixing the water and acid a quantity of steam was given off and spurted out the acid, which came in contact with the face of the operator. The effect might have been serious, but fortunately the man escaped without personal injury. The amount of dilution of the acid is an important matter. If it is too weak the paper is dissolved; if too strong it is charred. The former fact may be curiously illustrated by sprinkling the paper with water. The leaf on being dipped into sulphuric acid of proper strength will be converted into vegetable parchment; but the damp sprinkled part will be dissolved away. A number of careful trials have shown that the sulphuric acid of commerce, of a specific gravity of 1.845, commonly known as oil of vitriol, must be diluted with half its bulk of water in order that the conversion of water-leaf may be attended with success.

One can not fail to be struck with the fact that a body, possessed of such remarkable solvent properties as sulphuric acid, should, at this particular strength, give a material which will bear a great deal of rough usage, and which is scarcely assailable by the strongest chemical agents, such as acids and alkalies. Water has but little effect on it. On wetting vegetable parchment it behaves like animal membrane; that is, it becomes soft and yielding, and on drying it resumes its former condition. It withstands the action of boiling-water, which animal parchment will not. It is used by the inventor and by others as a substitute for pudding-cloths, and for enveloping fish while boiling. After use it is simply washed, and is ready to be boiled again. Food boiled in this envelope is said to possess more richness and flavor than when treated in the ordinary way.

Another curious fact connected with the material is, that the chemical composition of the paper and of the sulphuric acid remains unchanged; that is to say, the paper gains nothing and loses nothing. Except as a question of expense the whole of the acid used for the conversion could be recovered without loss. The converted paper, if submitted to chemical analysis, is found to be composed of the same elements as it was before the transformation. The explanation of this fact is, that decomposition does not take place on exposure of paper to the action of sulphuric acid; the molecules of matter of which the paper is composed are merely rearranged.

This rearrangement takes place with great rapidity. A piece of blotting-paper passed into the acid is converted, in a few seconds, into a gelatinous gummy sheet. This conveyed into water, in order to get rid of the acid, becomes, within a minute, a tough, elastic, skin-like substance, which, when thoroughly freed from acid, is the vegetable parchment of commerce. Freedom from acid is insured by repeated washings in water and by immersion in a weak solution of ammonia. Any slight trace of acid which the washing might have failed to remove is thus converted into sulphate of ammonia, a stable body, the presence of which can by no possibility injure the vegetable parchment.

Great care is taken to remove all the acid, for were any allowed to remain the paper would rapidly lose its texture, and would in time fall to pieces.

The absence of acid has been satisfactorily established by Dr. Hofmann and by other chemists. Dr. Hofmann left the most delicate test-papers for hours in contact with moistened vegetable parchment, and they did not exhibit the slightest change of color. He also cut up several square feet of parchment into strips, and boiled them for half a day with water, filtered off the liquid, and concentrated it to a few drops. This liquid was found to contain no acid, and paper moistened with it, and dried at boiling temperature, was no more affected than when treated in the same way with pure water. Hence Dr. Hofmann concludes, and with reason, that vegetable parchment does not carry within it any destructive germ. Time alone can prove the absolute indestructibility of this parchment. Specimens made sixteen years ago are in existence: they are in every respect as perfect as when first produced.

Hitherto the chief purpose to which vegetable parchment has been put is to close vessels in which preserved fruits and other eatables are contained. The advantages it possesses over bladder are, that it is inodorous, and is not liable to encourage fermentation, as, unlike animal membrane, it contains no nitrogen; it is not readily attacked by insects or mice; and it is more elegant in appearance and more economical than bladder.

A very singular use for vegetable parchment, and one previously quite unknown, was announced in 1861 by Professor Graham. It has long been known that animal membrane, though not porous is permeable under certain conditions; but no application of this fact to the purposes of analysis was made until Professor Graham published his great discovery, that crystallizable substances in solution may thus be separated from those which will not crystallize. This process is called *dialysis*. To take a familiar example. If soup which is too salt is placed in a bladder and suspended in water, the salt will be removed without impoverishing the soup. In the laboratory the knowledge of this fact is invaluable. Thus, in searching for poisons mixed with food and other contents of the stomach, as has to be done in various medico-legal investigations, one of the great difficulties formerly experienced was to separate the poison; but now, by dialysis, poisons capable of crystallizing, and these are the majority, can readily be detected. A more agreeable application of Professor Graham's discovery is in the purification of sugar. A French chemist, named Du Brunfaut, has managed this with great success.

For the purpose of dialysis animal membrane was first used; but Professor Graham found that vegetable parchment possesses the same qualities as regards permeability, and is more cleanly and less destructible. It can also be manufactured of any required size, which parchment can not. It is doubtful whether dialysis could have been so thoroughly tested and examined but for the existence of vegetable parchment.

In 1865 vegetable parchment was employed in enveloping gun-cotton cartridges used for blasting. The makers of these cartridges are at present sending out about thirty thousand a week, and the demand for them is increasing. Very recently it has been found that vegetable parchment is of great value in packeting tea. Tea thus enveloped retains its aroma for an indefinite time; and the vegetable parchment does not communicate any odor or flavor to the tea. All kinds of tea deteriorate in a short time by being packed in the ordinary papers; tea becomes injuriously affected from this cause within twelve hours; and within a week there is a loss of quality of about twenty-five per cent. Tea is very sensitive to odors and flavors; it imbibes the taste of any thing surrounding it. A single drop of sapid liquor will flavor a whole package in twelve hours. All kinds of coverings have been resorted to, but none appears so good as vegetable parchment. It will probably come into extensive use for packeting tea.

There are doubtless many other purposes for which vegetable parchment might be employed; but, as is pretty sure to be the case on the introduction of an entirely new raw material, the development of its uses requires time. That it is a most valuable substance there can be no question.

WINIFRED.

Sweet Winifred sits at the cottage door,
The rose and the woodbine shadow it o'er,
And turns to the clear blue summer skies
The clearer blue of her soft young eyes—
Turns to the balmy wind of the south
Her feverish, supplicating mouth,
To ask from Heaven and the sunny glow
The health she lost long, long ago.

The rose on her cheeks is rose too red,
The light in her eyes is lightning sped,
And not the calm and steady ray
Of youth and strength in their opening day;
Her hands are lily-pale and thin,
You can see the blood beneath the skin;
Something hath smitten her to the core,
And she wastes and dwindles evermore.

She thinks, as she sits in the glint o' the sun,
That her race is ended ere well begun,
And turns her luminous eyes aside
To *one* who asks her to be his bride—
Invisible to all but her,
Her friend, her lover, her worshiper;
Who stretches forth his kindly hand,
And saith what her heart can understand.

"Winifred! Winifred! be thou mine,
Many may woo thee, many may pine,
To win from thy lips the sweet caress,
But thou canst not give it, or answer 'yes.'
There is not one amid them all,
To whom if the prize of thyself should fall,
Who would not suffer more cruel pain
Than would ever spring from thy disdain.

"Only to *me* canst thou be given
The bridegroom sent to thee from Heaven;
Come to me! Come! Thy dower shall be
The wealth of Immortality.
Eternal youth, perennial joy,
And love that never shall change or cloy;
All shall be thine the hour we wed,
Sweet Winifred! Be thou mine!" he said.

"Take me!" she answered, with faint low breath,
"I know thee well. Thy name is Death.
I've looked on thy merciful face too long
To think of thee as a pain or wrong.
I know thou'lt keep thy promise true,
And lead me life's dark portals through.
Up! up! on wings to the starry dome,
Up! up to Heaven! my bridal home."

He laid his hand on her trembling wrist,
Her beautiful, coy, cold lips he kiss'd,
And took her away from sister and brother,
From sorrowing sire and weeping mother;
From all she loved. With a smile she went,
Of peace and patience and sweet content.
'Twas but life's vesture laid in the sod,
'Twas life itself to the throne of God!

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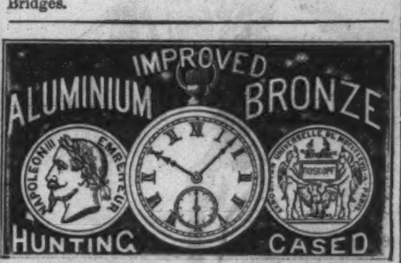

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